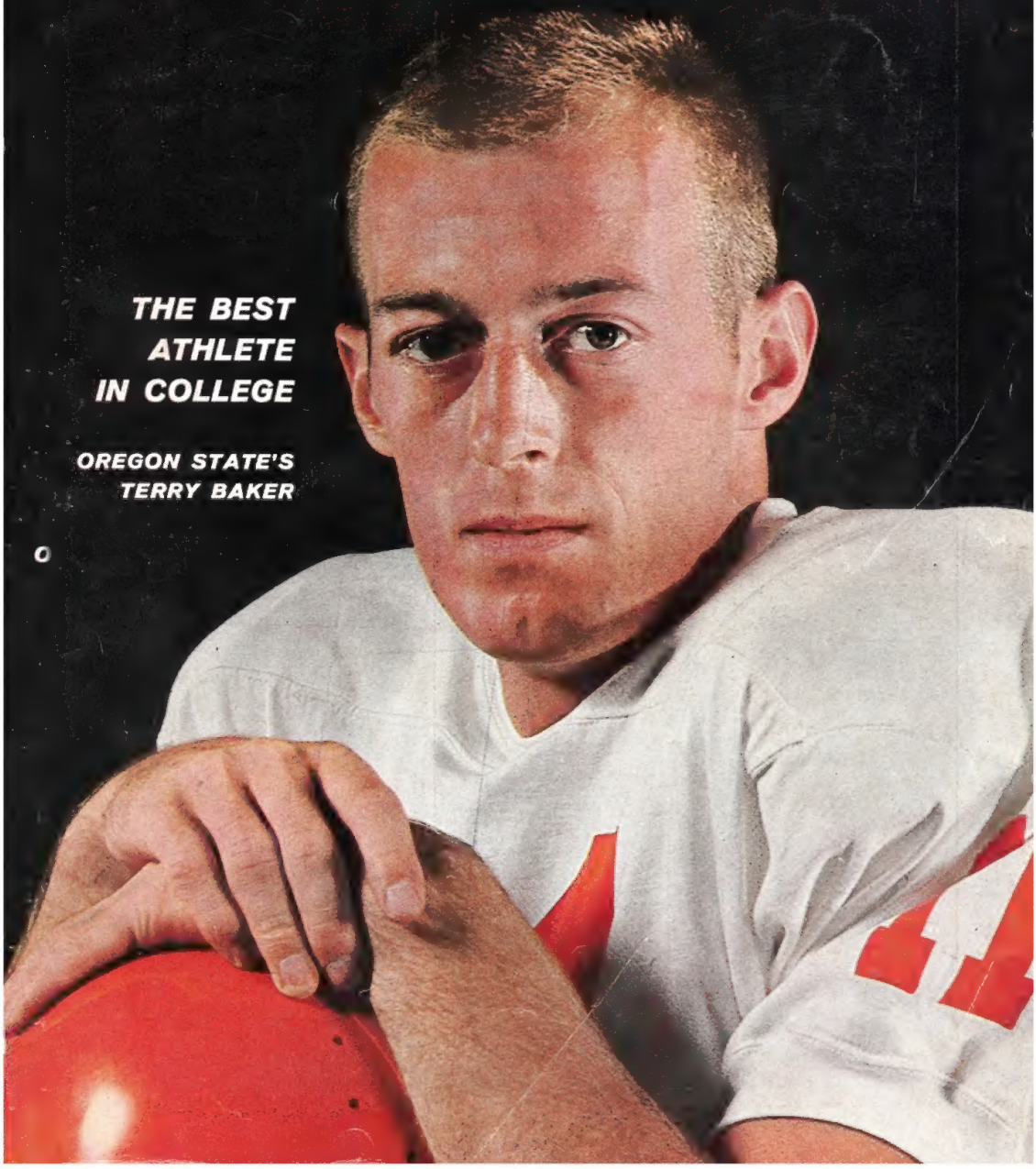
Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 16, 1961 25 CENTS



THE BEST ATHLETE IN COLLEGE

OREGON STATE'S TERRY BAKER

La Contessa vi invita ad una piacevole serata italiana brindando Asti Gancia

"The Countess invites you to spend a pleasant Italian evening with her and ASTI GANCIA"

INCOMPARABILE! Sparkling Stars! A special gift from Italy to you! Wine of delicate and lilting flavor . . . more delicious than dessert . . . excitingly different and festive as Rome herself! Serve Asti Gancia with meals, as an aperitif or with dessert. All Italy calls it *incomparabile!*

ASTI **Gancia**

IMPORTED

ITALIAN SPARKLING WINE

The Jos. Garneau Co., New York City

Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that go to our friends in the advertising business.

October 16, 1961

memo to advertisers

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

My favorite pre-SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sports writer, Izaak Walton, once wrote:

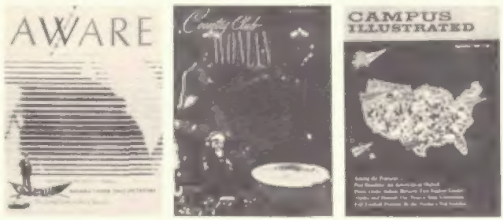
> "Good company makes the way seem shorter, as the Italians say."

He might also have pointed out that it's a good sign that any business has found the way to success when companies start taking the same or similar roads. At any rate, I'm sure all of us in the magazine business are encouraged by the many newcomers who have decided to enter our field. It looks as if quite a few enterprising people have decided there's gold in them thar printed words.

So, to get on with my bi-weekly stint of tub-thumpery, I was intrigued by an item in *Printers' Ink* last month on three new magazines that are on or just off the drawing boards.

The first is called *Aware*, and *Printers' Ink* describes it as "a men's magazine that won't emphasize sex." (Ourselves, we emphasize **both** sexes—1,490,000 male and 850,000 female readers every week.)

The next entry is *Campus Illustrated*. It has been proved (since August 1954) that "illustrated" is a helpful word to have in a magazine's logo. And "campus" is a good word in our vocabulary too. Most of our readers are well past college age, of course—median age of subscriber household heads is 42. But somehow the college boys and girls get hold of copies. We did a pilot study at two colleges recently that showed SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was second only to LIFE in the "Usually Read" category among a list that also included TIME, *Post*, *Look*, *U.S. News*, *Business Week*, *Holiday*, *Saturday Review* and *Playboy*. We wouldn't dream of making a sales point out of a pilot study—even to those of you who sell to the college market. But we can assure our new publishing friends that at least their title and logotype promise good journeying on the road to the campus.

Finally, in March we'll be seeing the first issue of *Country Club Woman*. This is the woman we love. We promise not to be jealous, though, because we've gotten used to the fact that most other people in the advertising business love her and her husband too. Somehow the word has sneaked out that country club members are a much sought-after market.

* * *

Our Research Department recently looked a little more closely into the country club market for one particular class of products—beer, wine, and liquor. You may have seen this comment on it in Ed Gibbs Executives' Newsletter:

(continued on other side)

Volume 15, Number 16

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional Mailing Offices. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $6.75 a year. This issue published in separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: — Eastern, E1 — E24; Midwest, M1 — M16; Western, W1—W20; Southern, S1—S8; Florida, S1—S8, E1 —E24; Special, SP1—SP4

(continued from preceding page)

"Today there are more than 6,000 golf courses in the U.S. About 5,200 of these, or 86%, are private or semi-private with an estimated 1,872,000 golf members and 625,000 house or non-golf members.

"In a suburban-based society, the country club has become the social center of the upper-income residents of nearly every community. In addition to golf, it is a place to entertain. More recently, the addition of bowling lanes, all-weather tennis courts, skeet ranges, and enlarged social facilities has greatly expanded their use throughout the year. They also are being used increasingly for business meetings, community functions, wedding receptions, etc. Although a leading market for the industry, it has been a market that we have had little information on. However, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED **has just released a survey which not only determines the size of the market, but also gives statistics on case sales.**

"The survey shows that memberships of these country clubs are paying bar bills of more than $252 million annually. In 1960 the average club membership (480 people) spent $67,681 on alcoholic beverages, which includes an average of 572.9 cases of beer per club."

Incidentally, if you are involved with alcoholic beverage advertising and haven't yet received your copy of our study, just drop the word to Jock Merrihew, our Liquor Advertising Manager, to me, or any other SPORTS ILLUSTRATED salesman. We'll be on your doorstep quicker than you can melt an ice cube.

* * *

Two weeks ago in this space we passed on a colleague's observations on our subscribers in Rye, New York. Good people to have on your side, he called them. Now I'd like to pass on another inter-office memo (saves you the pain of reading nothing but Callaway). This one is from our Cleveland office which checked our subscriber galleys against the membership of the Mayfield Country Club.

At Mayfield Country Club, there are approximately 350 members. I've identified 69 SI subscribers in Cleveland Heights and Shaker Heights alone as being members of Mayfield. This means a minimum of 20% coverage, but it's only the beginning of the story:

(continued on back flap of this insert)

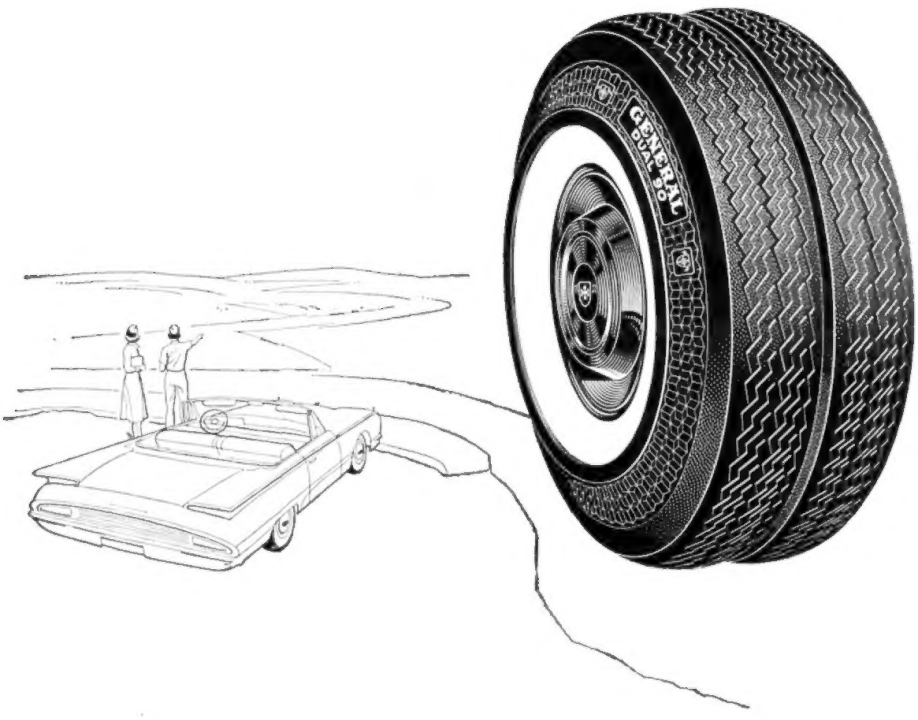
LIBERTY MUTUAL

the company that stands by you

If only he hadn't gambled on worn-out tires—

POOR JUDGMENT BY A CARELESS "IF-ONLY" DRIVER can force you to the wall: car smashed, yourself and others hurt, facing litigation and court appearance. Here's how Liberty takes over policyholders' troubles. ■ Liberty's 24-hour claims service goes to work if your car needs repair or replacement, pays the wrecker, garage and paint shop. Liberty takes care of you and your passengers: Medical Expense coverage pays for emergency-ward treatment and hospital care. Liberty has the manpower to locate witnesses and dig out evidence to defend your case in court. If there's an attachment on your car, we pay the premiums on bonds to release it. If civil suit is brought against you, we pay court costs, legal fees and judgments up to the limit of your policy. You start all this simply by calling any Liberty Mutual office and asking for help. ■ We are a policyholders' company, owned by policyholders and run by policyholder directors. We have insured careful drivers at low cost for over 40 years. Why don't you switch to Liberty when your present insurance expires?

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • HOME OFFICE: BOSTON



There never has been a tire like this!

The Dual 90 is the finest tire you can buy. It is built to give amazing mileage with complete safety. You get the luxury of a remarkably quiet, soft ride. And the peace of mind that comes from total freedom from punctures.

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Tougher than most experts predicted, it produced some dramatic moments and brilliant performances

22 Cautious Comes of Age

The ebullient Cassius Clay knocks out big Alex Miteff and makes his first real move toward boxing fame

26 Bang Goes the Shotgun

The San Francisco 49ers' explosive new offense has won two big games in a row and has the other pros worried

32 U.S. Horsemen Get a Plush Home

A magnificent New Jersey estate, shown in color photographs, is now the headquarters of our Equestrian Team

37 All Alone by the Telephone

That is George Preston Marshall, the Washington Redskins' owner, who is a genius at attracting controversy

44 The Heady Sport of Grapesmanship

A sportswriter tells the secrets of making wine on your home grounds—complete with personal label

52 "With Terry You Stop to Think"

Terry Baker, Oregon State's remarkable all-round athlete, is as good a student as he is a football player

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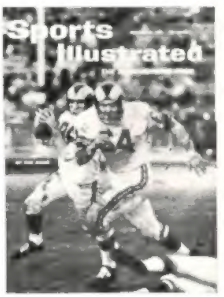
Next week

The salmon returned to the Horsefly River in Canada last month and ran into a forest fire. Robert Cantwell tells how an epic of conservation became a wilderness melodrama.

As the professional football season reaches midpoint, we offer a special report that will include a portfolio of color photographs of the stars of the NFL in action; drawings by Robert Riger and explanation by Tex Maule of the fine art of pro defenses; and, by Roy Terrell, a firsthand look at Barron Hilton and his hot San Diego Chargers, finest in the AFL.

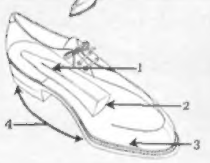


PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

let
your feet
feel the
wonderful
comfort

The instant you slip your foot into a Wright Arch Preserver shoe you'll feel the wonderful difference. The Four Exclusive Wright Features provide the perfect support that helps you step out in ease and comfort all through the busiest day.

Style 314 — Soft, flexible 4 eyelet oxford. Moccasin seam. Velvet finish leather outersole. Rich mulberry brown, llama grain calfskin, also in black.



1 Famous Wright Arch Preserver Shank
2 Metatarsal raise — for weight distribution
3 Flat forepart — permits foot exercise
4 Heel-to-ballfitting — shoe fits to foot action

wright

arch preserver® shoes

For nearest dealer consult Classified Directory or write:
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC. ROCKLAND, MASS.

Sports Illustrated

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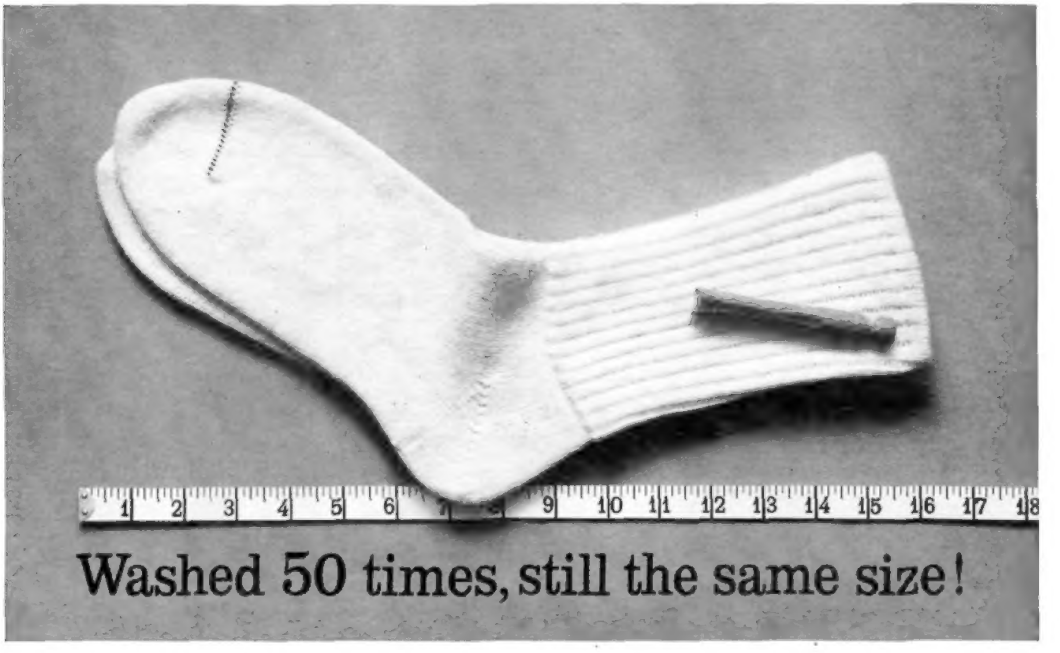


If you like everything about wool socks, *except* the way they shrink — buy a pair of Adler SC's.* The Adler Shrink Control process makes every pair of SC's stay their original size, no matter how or how often they're washed. That's why Adler gives you a money-back guarantee against shrinkage.

Adler SC's, in men's, women's and children's sizes, are available in white and 12 other solid colors. You'll find them at fine stores in your area or write: The Adler Company, Box SI-10161, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

*Shrink Controlled

ADLER

You can see castles
in the Southern Sand

but now it costs no more
to see the real thing in Europe!

Alitalia offers 3 Holiday Specials with Jet fare and all expenses paid at the finest hotels and restaurants!

$648 **For 17 days in Israel, Greece and Mediterranean Islands**
Group departures every two weeks

Fly non-stop via Super DC-8 Rolls-Royce Jet to Milan . . . see fabled Venice . . . then sail on a luxury cruise to Athens, Rhodes, Cyprus and Israel. You won't miss anything in this oldest of the world's newest countries – Haifa, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Nazareth. And you return with a Mediterranean tan.

$594 **For 17 days in London, Madrid and the Canary Islands**
Group departures every Thursday, individuals 5 times per week

The sights of London and Madrid . . . the sun-soaked beaches of the far-off Canaries. Nowhere on earth can you play so well for the price – palatial European hotels . . . lush green golf courses . . . fishing so easy you can catch them by hand! And it's the world's freest "free port" with rare gift bargains.

$421 **For a London Sightseeing, Gourmet and Theatre Trip**
Group departures every Thursday, individuals 5 times per week

A six day feast of London with all expenses paid . . . including dinner at a different famous restaurant and a hit play **every** night! Inexpensive options of *eleven more days on the continent – The Folies in Paris, Alpine skiing, The* Bolshoi in Moscow or any other combination you wish!

YOURS FOR THE ASKING – a fascinating color brochure describing each holiday special in detail. Just check the trips that intrigue you most, fill out the coupon and send it to:

ALITALIA AIRLINES

All prices are based on round-trip jet excursion fares from New York effective thru March 31 – use Alitalia's "pay later" plan and fly for just 10% down! For further information consult an expert – your Travel Agent.

666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y., Dept. SI-1016

☐ Israel-Greece ($648) ☐ Italian Cities ($583) ☐ Holy Land ($797)
☐ London, Spain, Canary Islands ($594) ☐ London Theatre Trip ($421)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____ CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

"COME TO OPEN HOUSE IN EUROPE THIS FALL AND EXPERIENCE THE EUROPEAN'S EUROPE"

PRO GOLF RESULTS

PGA winners through mid-September

LOS ANGELES OPEN
Bob Goalby, Crystal River, Fla., 275 for 72 holes, $7,500.

SAN DIEGO OPEN
Arnold Palmer, Miami, 271 for 72 holes (won playoff), $2,800.

BING CROSBY NATIONAL
Bob Rosburg, Portland, Ore., 282 for 72 holes, $5,300.

LUCKY INTERNATIONAL OPEN
Gary Player, Langhorne, Pa., 272 for 72 holes, $9,000.

PALM SPRINGS GOLF CLASSIC
Billy Maxwell, Dallas, 345 for 90 holes, $5,300.

PHOENIX OPEN
Arnold Palmer, Miami, 270 for 72 holes (won playoff), $4,300.

PANAMA OPEN
Pete Cooper, Dorado Beach, P.R., 273 for 72 holes, $1,200.

HOME OF THE SUN OPEN
Dave Hill, Denver, 269 for 72 holes (won playoff), $2,800.

MARACAIBO OPEN
Don Whitt, Borrego Springs, Calif., 283 for 72 holes, $1,200.

continued

BOB GOALBY, CRYSTAL RIVER, FLA.

PALINKAS

How to make your first party "dinner for eight"

Hint to someone who loves you very much (dad, uncle, in-laws to be) that you'd like your Gorham Sterling all at once. Then, mention the fact that Gorham's new save-by-the-set plan makes it eminently practical. Why wait?

Special Dinner-For-Eight set savings on all Gorham designs: Eight 4-piece place settings, save $20. Eight 5-piece, $25. Eight 6-piece, $30.

GORHAM STERLING

125 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP 1831 1956 THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE 7, R. I.

OPEN STOCK PRICES FOR EIGHT 4-PIECE PLACE SETTINGS:
SEA ROSE, $236 / BLITHE SPIRIT, $224 / CELESTE, $224 / RONDO, $216 / CHANTILLY, $224. FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

DACRON®
POLYESTER FIBER

stays neat . . . gives you that Letterman Look

Look every inch the Letterman in all-weather coats containing "Dacron"* polyester fiber. "Dacron" gives these versatile coats extra ruggedness for longer life, wrinkle resistance for extra neatness and wash 'n' wear convenience. The zip-out pile linings are of luxurious "Orlon"* acrylic fiber — warm as can be, yet light for action. Look the Letterman in one of these coats today.

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

STATE-O-MAINE coat shown, treated with "Zelan" for water repellency, has a zip-out pile lining of "Orlon"* acrylic fiber. Sizes 8-12 about $21.00. 14-18 about $22.00. Men's sizes, about $25.00.

GOLF RESULTS *continued*

CARACAS OPEN

Don Whitt, Borrego Springs, Calif., 272 for 72 holes, $1,200.

BATON ROUGE OPEN

Arnold Palmer, Miami, 266 for 72 holes, $2,800.

GREATER NEW ORLEANS OPEN

Doug Sanders, Ojai, Calif., 272 for 72 holes, $4,300.

PUERTO RICO OPEN

Billy Maxwell, Dallas, 273 for 72 holes, $1,200.

BILLY MAXWELL, DALLAS

PENSACOLA OPEN

Tommy Bolt, Crystal River, Fla., 275 for 72 holes, $2,800.

JAMAICA OPEN

Jim Ferree, Winston-Salem, N.C., 275 for 72 holes, $1,200.

ST. PETERSBURG OPEN

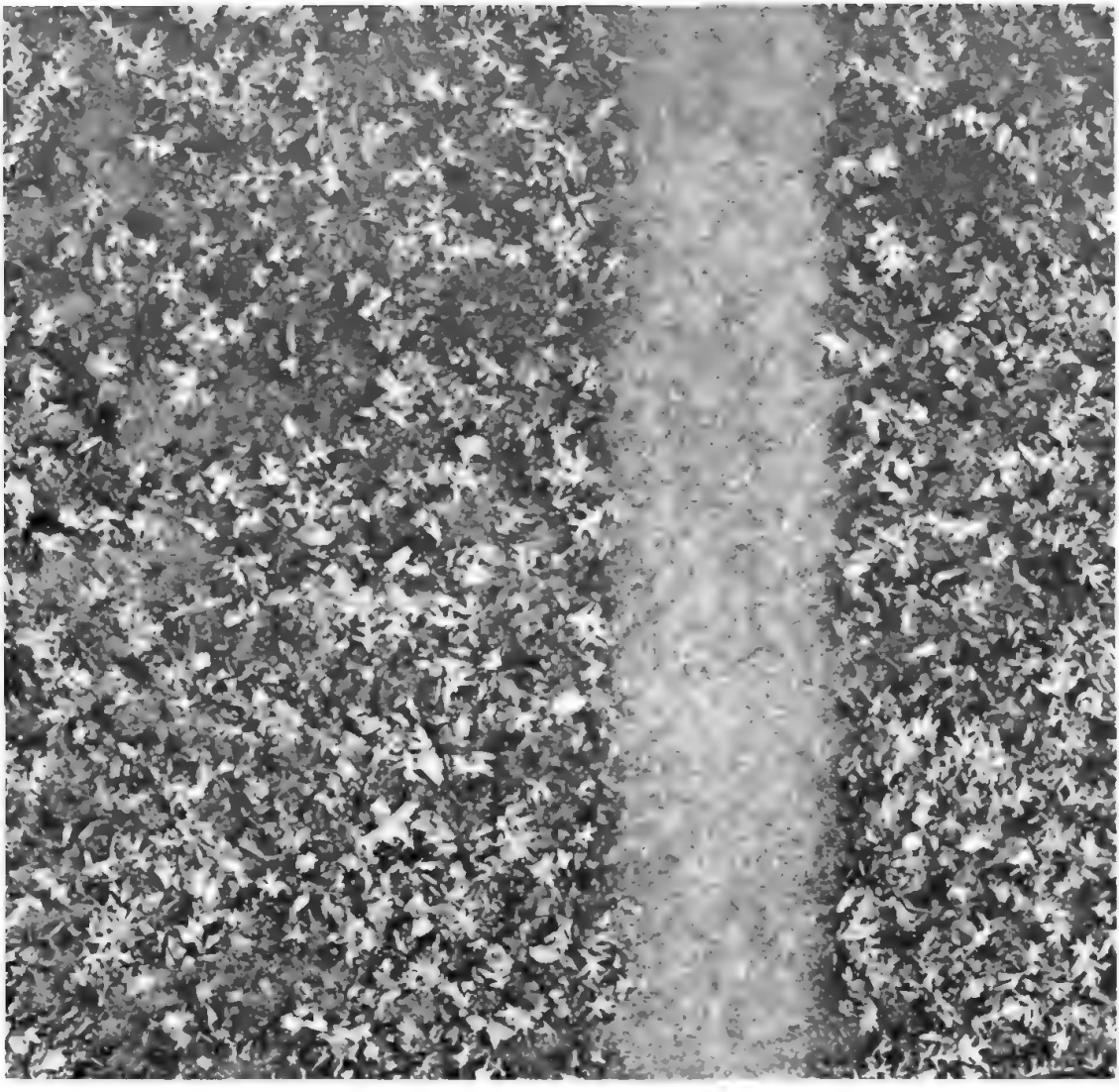
Bob Goalby, Crystal River, Fla., 261 for 72 holes, $2,800.

SUNSHINE OPEN

Gary Player, Langhorne, Pa., 273 for 72 holes, $3,500.

AZALEA INVITATIONAL

Jerry Barber, Los Angeles, 213 for 54 holes (won playoff), $1,206.



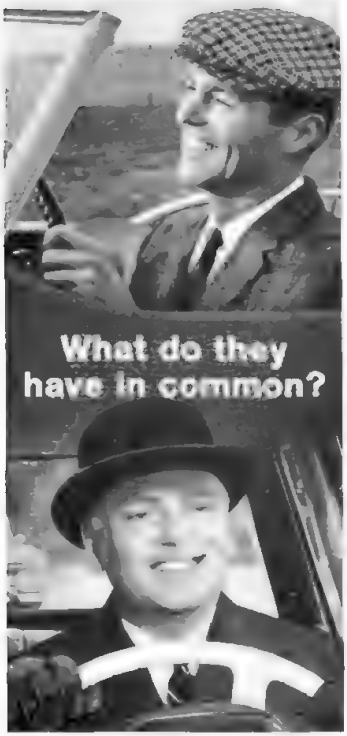
Ten times faster than raking

The old "rake and basket" way of getting up fall leaves is tiring and time-consuming. Treat your lawn and yourself to a Parker Sweeper. It's ten times faster than raking! And in spring and summer, your Parker's the ideal way to get up grass clippings, clumps, twigs, other debris. It gives you a cleaner, healthier, more beautiful lawn all year 'round. Your lawn needs a lift. Pick it up with a Parker. 9 models: manual, motorized and trailer.

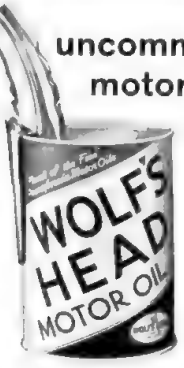
a Parker sweeper

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

M5



The uncommon motor oil



These two very different types of people have one thing in common: both recognize the importance of using the *best* motor oil to insure the *best* engine performance and lowest maintenance costs. That's why both insist on WOLF'S HEAD 100% Pure Pennsylvania. WOLF'S HEAD is Tri-Ex refined three *extra* steps for superior performance; scientifically fortified for complete engine protection. Its use means fewer repairs, less oil added between regular changes. If you're particular about car care, always insist on WOLF'S HEAD.

WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO.
OIL CITY, PA.

DON WHITT, BORREGO SPRINGS, CALIF

GOLF RESULTS *continued*

THE MASTERS

Gary Player, Langhorne, Pa., 280 for 72 holes, $20,000.

GREATER GREENSBORO OPEN

Mike Souchak, Grossinger, N.Y., 276 for 72 holes, $3,200.

HOUSTON CLASSIC

Jay Hebert, Lafayette, La., 276 for 72 holes (won playoff), $7,000.

TEXAS OPEN

Arnold Palmer, Miami, 270 for 72 holes, $4,300.

WACO TURNER OPEN

Butch Baird, Galveston, Texas, 281 for 72 holes, $2,800.

TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS

Sam Snead, White Sulphur Springs, W.Va., 273 for 72 holes, $10,000.

COLONIAL NATIONAL

Doug Sanders, Ojai, Calif., 281 for 72 holes, $7,000.

HOT SPRINGS OPEN

Doug Sanders, Ojai, Calif., 273 for 72 holes, $2,800.

SAM SNEAD FESTIVAL

Sam Snead, White Sulphur Springs, W.Va., 266 for 72 holes, $2,000.

"500" FESTIVAL OPEN

Doug Ford, Tuckahoe, N.Y., 273 for 72 holes (won playoff), $9,000.

continued

Brentwood 65% Wool-35% Kodel Sweaters Available at These Fine Stores:

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Anderson	Banner Store
Gary	H Gordon & Sons
Hammond	Harvey Bros , Inc
Richmond	Hoosier Mercantile Co
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Terre Haute	Joseph's, Inc

IOWA

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Dubuque	Kolck's Men's Shop
Iowa Falls	City Dal Clothes Shop
Sioux City	Grayson's Inc

KENTUCKY

Louisville	Louis Appel Co

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Detroit	Van Horn Inc
East Detroit	B L Sims
Flint	Cliff Sackrider
Holland	R J Rutgers Men's Shop
Mt Clemens	Anton's
Pontiac	Monarch Men's Shops
Royal Oak	Morris & Dennis, Inc
Royal Oak	Publix Store for Men
Saginaw	Morley Bros
Saginaw	Seltner Bros

MINNESOTA

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Minneapolis	John W Thomas Co
Pipestone	Wilson's Store
Wayzata	The Foursome, Inc

MISSOURI

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Columbia	Dick Barnett's
Florissant	Ted's Men's Shop
Kirkwood	John Zorensky Men's & Boys' Wear
Lebanon	Kelner's Dept Store
Mexico	Neate Clothing Co
Overland	Kenners Inc
Rolla	Vern's Men's & Boys' Clothing
St Joseph	Leibowitz Clothing Co
St Louis	Larry's Men's Shop
Springfield	Rubenstein's Store
Springfield	Ed V Williams Clothing Co

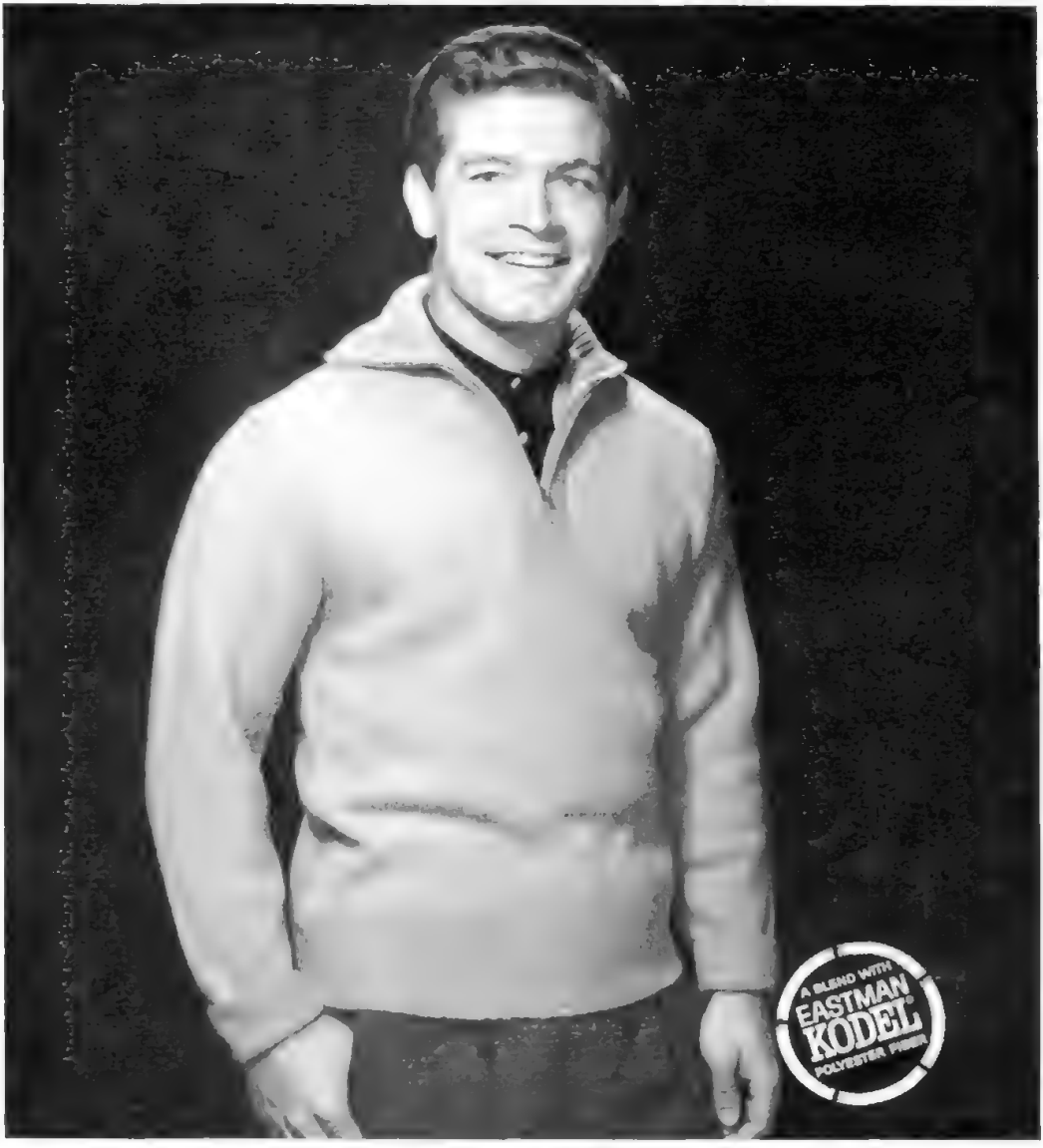
OHIO

Barberton	Marshall Dry Goods Co
Bellefontaine	Corwin's
Canton	Jack Fox Inc
Cleveland	Fries & Schuele
Cleveland	Wm Taylor & Sons
Dayton	Elder & Johnston Co
Lakewood	Warren Men's Wear
East Liverpool	Frank Diamond
Massilon	Tom Straughn Men's Wear
Norwalk	Pohl's
Sidney	Fred W Uhlman & Co
Springfield	The Hub Clothing Co
Toledo	Lamson Bros Co.
Toledo	The Lion Store
Toledo	Westgate Lion Store
Uhrichsville	Cox Clothing Co
Urbana	Boston Store
Willoughby	S & H Dept Store
Zanesville	The A E Starr Co

WISCONSIN

Oshkosh	Oshkosh Continental Co
Oshkosh	Zimmerman's
Racine	George & Lester's
Sheboygan	Art Imig's Inc
Watertown	Chas Fischer & Sons
Wausau	Palace Clothiers, Inc

STEPHEN BOYD, starring in Darryl F. Zanuck's new production "THE BIG GAMBLE," released by 20th Century Fox, stars here in one of Brentwood's five "Amphibian" styles.



Brentwood "Amphibian" sweaters feel more luxurious after every wash...

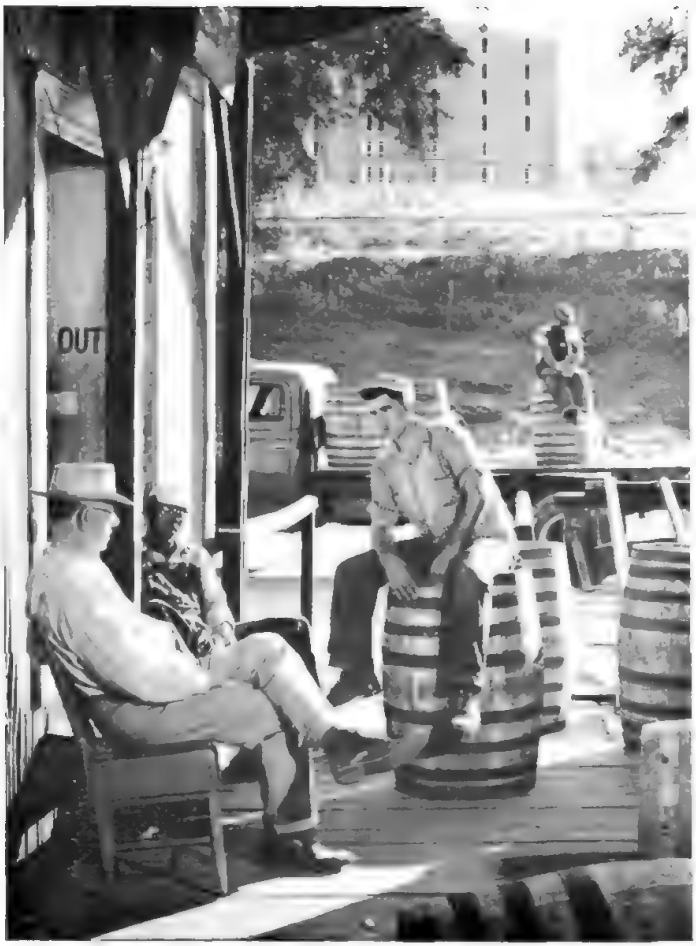
(and the reason is Kodel, the stay-fresh fiber!)

Here's the most comfortable companion you ever had. And with every automatic wash, Kodel polyester puts even more comfort into it. (Into the washer, out of the dryer . . . its wash-and-wearability won't wash out!) Kodel helps this neat-looking sweater hold its shape, too. Above is the "Byrnes," only one of five exciting models in blends of 65% wool, 35% Kodel polyester. In a wide range of solids and Scotch heathers. $12.95.

Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or sweater shown here.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

New York Times Magazine © 1961



BREAK TIME AT JACK DANIEL'S
often means a round of stories by our old hands who can remember Mr. Jack himself.

Our older men are proud that they remember Jack Daniel and that they learned their jobs from his nephew, Lem Motlow. So it's no wonder they take every chance to tell the younger generations about those days and the changes time has brought. But one thing has never changed: the way we make Jack Daniel's Whiskey and smooth it out with Charcoal Mellowing. You can be sure our old-timers take care of that.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

© 1961, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

GOLF RESULTS *continued*

MEMPHIS OPEN

Cary Middlecoff, Memphis, 266 for 72 holes, $4,300.

USGA OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

Gene Littler, El Cajon, Calif., 281 for 72 holes, $14,000.

WESTERN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

Arnold Palmer, Miami, 271 for 72 holes, $5,000.

BUICK OPEN

Jack Burke Jr., Kiamesha Lake, N.Y., 284 for 72 holes (won playoff), $9,000.

ST. PAUL OPEN

Don January, Dallas, 269 for 72 holes, $4,300.

CANADIAN OPEN

Jacky Cupit, Longview, Texas, 270 for 72 holes, $4,300.

MILWAUKEE OPEN

Bruce Crampton, Sydney, Australia, 272 for 72 holes, $4,300.

PGA CHAMPIONSHIP

Jerry Barber, Los Angeles, 277 for 72 holes (won playoff), $11,000.

EASTERN OPEN

Doug Sanders, Ojai, Calif., 275 for 72 holes, $5,300.

INSURANCE CITY OPEN

Billy Maxwell, Dallas, 271 for 72 holes (won playoff), $4,300.

CARLING OPEN

Gay Brewer Jr., Crystal River, Fla., 277 for 72 holes, $5,300.

AMERICAN GOLF CLASSIC

Jay Hebert, Lafayette, La., 278 for 72 holes (won playoff), $9,000.

DALLAS OPEN

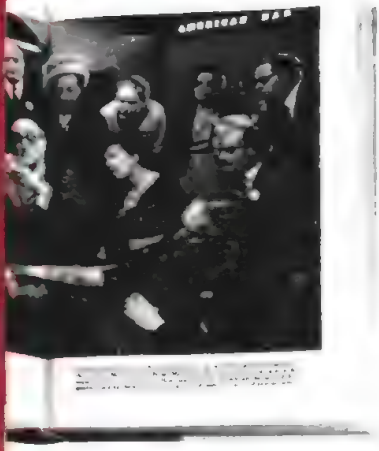
Earl Stewart Jr., Dallas, 278 for 72 holes, $4,300.

DENVER OPEN

Dave Hill, Denver, 268 for 72 holes, $3,500.

GREATER SEATTLE OPEN

Dave Marr, Sun City, Ariz., 265 for 72 holes (won playoff), $3,500. **END**



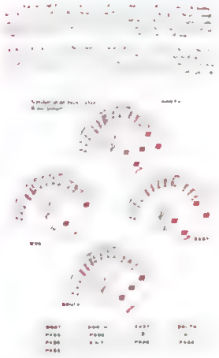
CHARLES GOREN BRINGS YOU THE WHOLE WORLD OF BRIDGE IN AN EXCITING NEW SPORTS ILLUSTRATED BOOK

In response to hundreds of requests from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscribers, the Editors, in collaboration with the world's foremost bridge authority, have produced a new and definitive book on bridge—easy to read, unmatched in scope, brilliantly illustrated and produced with the painstaking craftsmanship that is usually reserved for major art books. Whether you're a novice or a seasoned veteran, you'll want THE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF BRIDGE as a permanent and fascinating reference. Its 516 pages contain the best of Goren ever to be brought together in a single publication—and as a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reader, you can add it to your library or give it to a bridge devotee at a *very special price.*

A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN THE CONTENTS

This book is clearly destined to become the one indispensable resource of everyone who enjoys bridge and admires the cool-headed skills of its world-famous experts. It's a history book (tracing the game's development all the way from the days of Whist to today's controversial Italian system) . . . a picture book that gives you a front-row seat at some of the most exciting tournaments ever played . . . a thorough training course and an unimpeachable referee for all future disputes. Charles Goren analyzes for you 100 of the most significant hands that have appeared in his SPORTS ILLUSTRATED column over the years. He invites you to sharpen your own skills with eight of his famous bridge quizzes (18 challenging hands to a quiz). He brings completely up-to-date the system that has won him world-wide acclaim—with 133 pages devoted to his suggestions for bidding and play under every conceivable circumstance. The International Laws of Bridge and a complete index are also provided. And—strictly for pleasure—a most spectacular section is devoted to the Colorful Story of Playing Cards, in which dozens of beautiful, rare antique cards have been reproduced for you in stunning full color.

A SPECIAL OFFER FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED READERS



THE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF BRIDGE will sell at retail for $12.50. But the price to our readers is only $9.95. And for just $3 more you can own—or give—the Deluxe Edition, which includes a handsome slip case *plus* two decks of cards reproduced from the superb Italian Renaissance Queen and King shown in the book. This Deluxe Edition is available *only* through SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and will never be on sale in stores. To order—and to take advantage of the special price—use the form bound into this magazine or write to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Of course, you will have the privilege of a ten-day free examination before you decide to keep the book.

Sports Illustrated

540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

The toast from "The Regimental Cup"—an ancient Scottish tradition [illegible]

Does John Morrison's evening stroll hold the secret of Chivas Regal?

With his Pointer, Sharon, at his heels, John Morrison leaves his Keith home precisely at 9:30 every evening—to tour the Chivas distilleries.

As with all Scots, John Morrison, Distillery Manager, remains staunchly loyal to tradition.

He, and the managers before him, have always visited the distillery before retiring. A sniff of the air in the malt house and the still house tells him if all goes well. Such is his heritage.

Does the secret of Chivas Regal's gracious taste lie here? Or in the sensitive hand of the blender? The deft hand of the stillman? You end your search with that first delicate taste which quietly informs you here is the light hush of the perfect—Chivas Regal, Scotland's Prince of Whiskies.

By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, Purveyors of Provisions and Scotch Whisky, CHIVAS BROS. LTD., of Aberdeen, Scotland. Established 1801.

12 Years Old

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.

SCORECARD

RELIEF FOR THE FAN

In New York's Yankee Stadium, where the World Series opened, the bullpens are deep in right and left fields, far from the view of most of the spectators. Hardly anybody in the crowds could tell who was warming up, a matter of no little interest to the baseball fan. While televiewers were being kept right up to the second on such details, paying patrons were forced to rely on the scoreboard. And what was the scoreboard doing? In typical Yankee fashion, it was shilling for the souvenir program and flashing worthless records in meaningless messages.

We wonder if this isn't the time for the people who run baseball to discard their traditional hauteur and begin treating fans as *customers*. The scoreboard would be a good place to start. Let them tell the paying patrons who is warming up, why the umpire ruled as he did on that strange play at home, what Joe's won-and-lost record is, who has just been ejected from the bench for harassing the umpire. After all, people watching on television—for free—get all this information, and it helps spice up the game. We'd like to see major league scoreboards relax from shooting fireworks for a while and just shoot out some good, old, useful information.

IT'S TOASTED

The latest innovation in football is a gadget that cleans and dries wet footballs in 60 seconds or less. The sales slogan: "Toasty footballs on frosty nights."

MANDATORY SAFETY

Last week the state of Wisconsin made it mandatory for all 1962-model automobiles sold in that state (an estimated 150,000) to be equipped with seat belts. Next year new cars sold in New York, Connecticut, North Carolina and Ohio will have to be equipped with seat-belt brackets. The safety belt has been a controversial item for motorists for two reasons: it costs money (about $20), and it can be an annoyance on very short trips. But recent studies indicate that 5,000 lives might have been saved last year if all occupants of automobiles had been using seat belts. We hope more states make them mandatory.

INFORMATION PLEASE

Horseplayers buy a lot of "information" in the form of tip sheets like "Manny's Purple Card," "Roscoe's Red Sheet" and "Paul's Burnt Sienna." Whether they really contain information has puzzled serious minds at race tracks for years. Now a New York judge has rendered a learned opinion. The question before the court of Justice George Tilzer was whether tip sheets are subject to the 3% New York City sales tax. The distributors' attorney argued they contained absolutely no information but were filled with opinion and guesses and should be tax exempt. The court said otherwise, and we hope the future proves him right. The past certainly hasn't.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

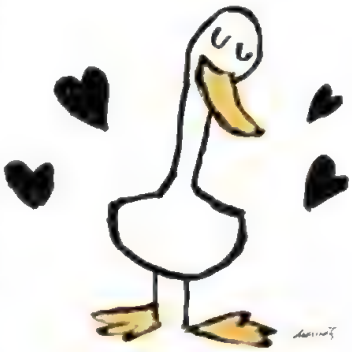
After the suspension of Dennis Ralston for being a naughty boy, we did not think U.S. prospects in this year's Davis Cup matches could get much bleaker. Well, they could and they have. Tut Bartzen has come down with bursitis and won't be able to play. And now Bruce Thomas, dean of Trinity University in Texas, has talked Chuck McKinley into staying home and studying his lessons. This means he will not go to Italy for the next round of Davis Cup play. McKinley is the best of a poor-but-honest lot of U.S. amateurs. We don't know what the Italian trip would do to his education, but we do know what his and Bartzen's absence will do to U.S. cup chances. Captain David Freed can confidently plan to spend Christmas at home with his family, far, far from Australia's blazing heat.

DIVINE STEAMROLLER

Divine Child High School of Detroit is winning big this year, and the whole parish is uneasy. "There's no joy in winning any more," lamented Coach Tony Versaci after his team walloped Our Lady of Sorrows 67–0 for its third straight runaway win. The coach has been accused of rolling up the score, when, in fact, he has frantically yanked regulars to hold *down* the score. Still, Divine Child, only in its second year of varsity football, wins by huge margins. Someday there may be a headline something like: "Divine Child Slaughters Our Lady Queen of Peace." Said a nervous parish priest: "Now wouldn't that look nice?" Another suggested that maybe Divine Child's competition isn't praying hard enough. Which brings to mind one priest's evaluation of what the Lord would do if two football teams prayed for victory with exactly equal fervor. "I imagine," said the padre, "He would just sit back and watch a whale of a football game."

MOTHER, GO HOME

People are too nervous about love. Especially people's mothers are too nervous. Take Ronald the duck. He fell in love with a girl duck. But the lady who



looks after Ronald, Mrs. Erland Jordan of Gardiner, Maine, wouldn't hear of it. What bothered Mrs. Jordan was that this girl duck was a plastic lawn-ornament type of duck.

So instead of letting Ronald go ahead and work the thing out for himself, she tried to get rid of the girl, the way mothers sometimes do. But Ronald went into a terrible decline and stayed away from home, the way young people sometimes do. So then Mrs. Jordan began using the poor plastic duck to lure Ronald back.

Well, it worked. And when Ronald returned, Mrs. Jordan whisked him off to the city and found him two flesh-and-blood girl ducks so he would forget the

continued

For '62, a new kind of TV that—

Memorizes every factor of fine-tuning for the precise picture you want—

Automatically adapts itself to your local broadcast conditions for peak performance—

Is built with computer quality to eliminate major causes of breakdown—

SYLVANIA ANNOUNCES picture · computer TV

...automatically delivers a precision-perfect picture... precision-built to stay new for years... plus new Velvetone reflection-free screen

Why Picture-Computer TV delivers precision performance every time

Sylvania puts a full complement of fine-tuning controls at your command—including TV's best horizontal-linearity control and all other controls you need to accurately maintain a perfectly proportioned picture.

Then, once you "program" your set by adjusting to the exact tuning, brilliance contrast and focus you want, the new Sylvania TV remembers – and doesn't forget – to deliver precisely the picture that's just right for you.

Built in is an automatic signal selector that rejects interference from adjacent channels – even in heavily overlapping broadcast areas.

Every picture tube contains the precision automatic Accura-tronic Focus Gun that gives more detail to every inch of the picture; focus stays sharp and clear.

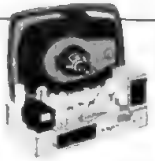
This superb new Sylvania picture is easier to watch on the new Velvetone reflection-free screen, that minimizes distracting reflections from lamps, windows and floors.

The new remote control – containing computer-type components – turns the set on, off, changes channels, and adjusts volume to your taste (an optional extra on many models).

How Picture-Computer TV is built to deliver new-set performance for years

Here are just a few of the many examples of Sylvania bonus life construction.

- The new GT-555 Chassis that "cruises" at only 60% to 75% of the rated capacity of critical tubes and components. Result: maximum performance with a minimum of strain and heat on vital parts for longer life.



NEW 5-WAY ASSURANCE OF QUALITY

Every Picture-Computer TV console and table model comes to you with this factory-backed proof of quality.

• full 90-day warranty on parts and tubes • full year warranty on Sylvania Silver Screen 85 Picture tube • five-year warranty on new power transformer • five-year warranty on new deep-etched circuit board • lifetime warranty on exclusive HaloLight surround-lighting

Written warranty covers free replacement through service dealer of any new part shown defective in normal use. Shipping and labor extra.

- A tuner that automatically cleans its own contact points. Result: tuner stays free of dirt and corrosion, a major cause of tuner failure.
- A new exclusive Sylvania designed power transformer that is smaller, more efficient – welded rather than bolted together, and sealed in Epoxy. Result: it is more reliable, minimizes annoying transformer hum.
- An etched circuit board – of the same type used in virtually all high-speed computers – that is 100% circuit-tested with every connection double-sealed for assured performance. Result: more efficiency and reliability than hand-wired circuits. Human error is virtually eliminated.
- A shatterproof safety shield that is bonded right to the face of the picture tube. Result: dust that can dim picture brightness is locked out, contrast is improved, and you enjoy extra safety in your home.

All this and exclusive HaloLight™ too

Again in '62, you get exclusive Sylvania Woodblend HaloLight on many models. HaloLight surround lighting makes the picture more pleasant to see, sets off words and pictures in a cool, white frame of light. When the picture is off, the HaloLight frame turns off and changes color to match the beautiful wood finish of the cabinetry.

So before you buy any TV, promise yourself a demonstration of the new Sylvania Picture-Computer TV in handsome new cabinets with International styling. You'll find your Sylvania dealer's name and address in the Yellow Pages. Or write for illustrated brochure on Picture-Computer TV, Sylvania Home Electronics Corp., Dept. SI, Batavia, N. Y.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SYLVANIA

SUBSIDIARY OF

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

DACRON® POLYESTER FIBER *improves the fall suit ... adds new neatness to wool*

Here's a new kind of fall-weight suit that blends the modern, proven advantages of 'Dacron'* polyester fiber with traditional wool. "Dacron" adds longer-lasting wrinkle resistance and crease retention to wool. Result: a fall suit that keeps you looking well pressed, well dressed, even in the soggiest weather. "Dacron" means fewer trips to the presser's, extra comfort, longer wear. And the styles, patterns, colors are the very latest. This fall, buy the modern, improved suit: "Dacron" and wool.

DU PONT

CURLEE CLOTHES tailors this handsome glen plaid, one of the many Curlee suits offering the added press retention and durability of "Dacron". At fine stores everywhere.

summer romance. Which, of course, he did, being young.

And that should be the end of the story, except that we find this whole thing faintly disturbing. We realize there is a lot to be said for arranged marriages, not letting the young people make lifetime mistakes and all that. But this thing of Ronald's was something different. Nobody talked him into liking the plastic duck. Nobody pretended it wasn't plastic. He just liked it. And why not? She certainly wasn't going to get him into trouble (or run out on him); and she had many of the virtues—among them beauty, durability and silence—which all men look for in a wife.

GLOVES ACROSS THE SEA

Terry Downes, who won the non-NBA middleweight championship from Paul Pender in London and now owes Pender a return fight in Boston, would like to get out of the commitment. Not that Downes is afraid of Pender. It is Boston that terrifies him. "I know Boston decisions are very fair," the Britisher once remarked. "If you knock a man out in one round, you at least get a draw." It is incontrovertible that Boston has been kind to Pender: he has won 25 and lost four there, and in some of the decisions it was plain to see that the judges bore him no animosity. On the other hand, Downes has been carrying his anti-Boston campaign a little beyond the edge of reason. He charges that in his first fight with Pender in Boston, "a 6-foot-6 referee pushed me all around the shop." And the weigh-in scales were fixed to read 160 pounds no matter who stepped on them, Downes charges. This presumably was to assist Pender, who sometimes has trouble making the weight.

Downes's charges range between gross exaggeration and just plain untruth. Boston is certainly guilty of an occasional home-town decision, and so is London, but fixed scales and monster referees sound more like something out of pulp fiction. Downes would do better to quiet down and put up his dukes.

OH, JOHNNY

"Did you feel any pressure?" young Johnny Sellers was asked last week after riding eight consecutive winners at Atlantic City Race Course. "No," he said, "none at all. Pressure is a big word, and athletes, in my own mind, are seldom under great pressure. They are under something, sure, but real pressure? Not too often. I had ridden the last three winners on Tuesday's card and felt very happy. I got a good night's sleep and went out to the track on Wednesday to go to work.

"I won the first race on a 5-to-1 shot named Swifty Bill. I moved him at the top of the stretch and we won as we pleased. I won the second race to make it five straight winners on Our Jennifer, another fairly long-priced horse [$11]. That one was easy. When I went out to the walking ring for the third race the crowd was buzzing. I won the third race by five lengths and the track announcer told the people that I now had ridden six winners in a row. The people applauded and then, for some reason, they started to boo me. I guess a lot of people were betting against me because they figured the law of averages should have caught me and gotten me beaten.

"I won the fourth but it was hard and I didn't think I was going to get up in time. This time the crowd didn't boo. In fact, some of them might have applauded to take care of the others who booed before. When I got back to the jocks' room all the jockeys seemed to be rooting for me but I knew they'd beat the devil out of me if they could. I won the fifth easily and tied the world record for eight consecutive winners [set 10 years ago by Howard Craig at Waterford Park]. I was happy and excited but I lost with my next mount.

"I went home and my wife, Janice, was packing so that we could leave Atlantic City and move on to Garden State. I said, 'Guess how many winners I rode today?' She said, 'How many?' 'Five,' I said. 'Five on top of the three yesterday to make eight in a row and it ties the world record!' 'Oh!' she said, 'that's fine,' and went right on packing."

BY ANY OTHER NAME

Michael Angelo Musmanno, a justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has spent a good deal of time fighting Communism. Recently he wrote Fred Hutchinson, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, suggesting that they change their name to something more American. Justice Musmanno is filled with horror at the prospect of some such headline as REDS MURDER YANKS. He thinks it might cause as much mental fallout as Orson Welles's message from Mars. The trouble with Judge Musmanno is that he has written to the wrong man. The Cincinnati Reds have been the Reds since 1866, some 50 years before the Soviet government came into existence (the Russians do not claim to have invented baseball). Let the judge write Khrushchev and tell him to change the Russian nickname.

THE TROUBLE WITH STEAK

A report in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* indicates that the emphasis on steak for athletes may be—if you'll pardon the expression—overdone. Normally athletes eat steak before performing because of an age-old theory that it gives added energy. Lately players on two football teams, the University of Nebraska and the Detroit Lions, have begun gulping a liquid called Sustagen before games. An average serving of Sustagen provides 925 calories and seems to eliminate pregame nausea, "cotton mouth" (dry mouth) and muscular cramps. Many of the athletes who have used the drink claim that it improves their strength and endurance during play. The athletic departments, for their part, approve the liquid because it costs about one-fifth as much as steak. We wouldn't be at all surprised to learn shortly that Sustagen is being adopted throughout the nation and that America's athletes are spending less and less time at the old training table, and more and more time drinking.

THEY SAID IT

• Walter Brown, owner of the world champion Boston Celtics and president of the last-place Boston Bruins, after sizing up his 1961-62 hockey prospects: "I only wish Bob Cousy could skate."

• Rice's Football Coach Jess Neely, explaining his team's 24-0 defeat by Georgia Tech: "I think we oversold the boys on their steady play the week before against Louisiana State; against Tech they were almost stationary."

• Art Rooney, millionaire owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers: "You know what's nice about owning one of these clubs? You get to sit in the press box, ride the elevator if there is one, eat free hot dogs. You can't beat that."

• Jimmie Dykes on Jimmy Piersall: "I didn't have a bit of trouble with him. He can play ball. If anybody thinks he's crazy, they're the ones who are crazy."

• George Shaw, Minnesota Viking quarterback after hearing Baltimore Colt fans booing their own Johnny Unitas, "If all those people were as perfect in their jobs as they want Unitas to be on every play, they'd all be presidents of their companies."

Genesis

This is the first page in the first book of the automobile. These two cars were the first gasoline-engine vehicles in the world to run. The year was 1886. The car in the background was built by Gottlieb Daimler, the other, by Karl Benz. This combination became Daimler-Benz, manufacturer of Mercedes-Benz cars. All other cars in the world followed these two. Every Mercedes-Benz traces its lineage directly to these venerable ancestors.

And that is how a star was born. The silver, three-pointed star is a hallmark of seventy-five years of continuing and ever-progressing excellence by the oldest and most experienced automobile manufacturer in the world.

Mercedes-Benz Sales, Inc. *(A Subsidiary of Studebaker-Packard Corporation)*

Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 16, 1961

THE YANKEES ON TOP

The first three games of the World Series the Yankees had a fight on their hands. The last two were debacles. In winning 4–1, the Yankees demonstrated their superiority in every facet of play. Their regulars—notably Bobby Richardson and Bill Skowron—hit well; those the Reds counted on—Vada Pinson, Frank Robinson and Gene Freese—hit little or late. Yankee fielding was excellent; Cincinnati's at first was better than expected but was worse toward the end. Yankee relief pitchers and pinch hitters saved and won games; Cincinnati's bench too often failed. Nearly everyone but the Yankees conceded the Reds an edge in pitching; only in the second game, however, was that edge apparent. In their decisive match-up, Whitey Ford twice outpitched Jim O'Toole. As a drama in five acts, the Series was a failure; but like many theatrical flops, it had a number of great moments and a few stunning performances. The best are shown opposite and on the following pages.

THE MOST DRAMATIC MOMENT *came (left) when Cincinnati's Elio Chacon caught the Yankees by surprise and put the Reds ahead in the only game they won (the second). Chacon was on third, Eddie Kasko on first when Yankee Catcher Elston Howard let a pitch go by him for a short passed ball. Howard retrieved it quickly, whirled to throw to second—and spotted Elio brazenly barreling home. He dived headfirst at Chacon's flashing spikes but was too late. The rattled Yankees played badly thereafter, lost 6–2 and the Series odds temporarily fell*

A MAD, SAD BALLET IN SHORT RIGHT

Until this critical moment in the e
citing third game, Cincinnati h
looked a better team than the Yankee
Chacon, playing with the same éclat th
had unsettled the Yanks in the secon
game, unsettled them again in this or
laying down a bunt which Yankee Pite
er Bill Stafford threw into right fiel
But Elio's flirtation with glory ended

the seventh inning, when Yogi Berra, with two out and Tony Kubek on second base, lifted a soft, lazy fly into short right field. Chacon (17) raced back for it and Frank Robinson charged in. Robinson might have made the catch but Elio was in the way and Frank had to slow down. Elio got his glove on the ball, lost it, collided with Robinson and the two players and the ball rolled in three directions as Center Fielder Pinson (28) watched helplessly. Kubek scored easily. Disaster for the Reds followed quickly; the Yanks scored again in the eighth on a pinch-hit homer by John Blanchard, who had hit four pinch-hit home runs during the season. They won 3-2 in the ninth when Maris got his first hit in 11 at bats (*page 20*). Mantle played for the first time and got no hits, but if he had not played Blanchard would have been in right, unavailable for pinch hitting. Chacon left for a pinch hitter in the seventh; with him went much of the ebullience of the Reds and with him, too, seemed to go another intangible. They lost a good-luck charm in Elio.

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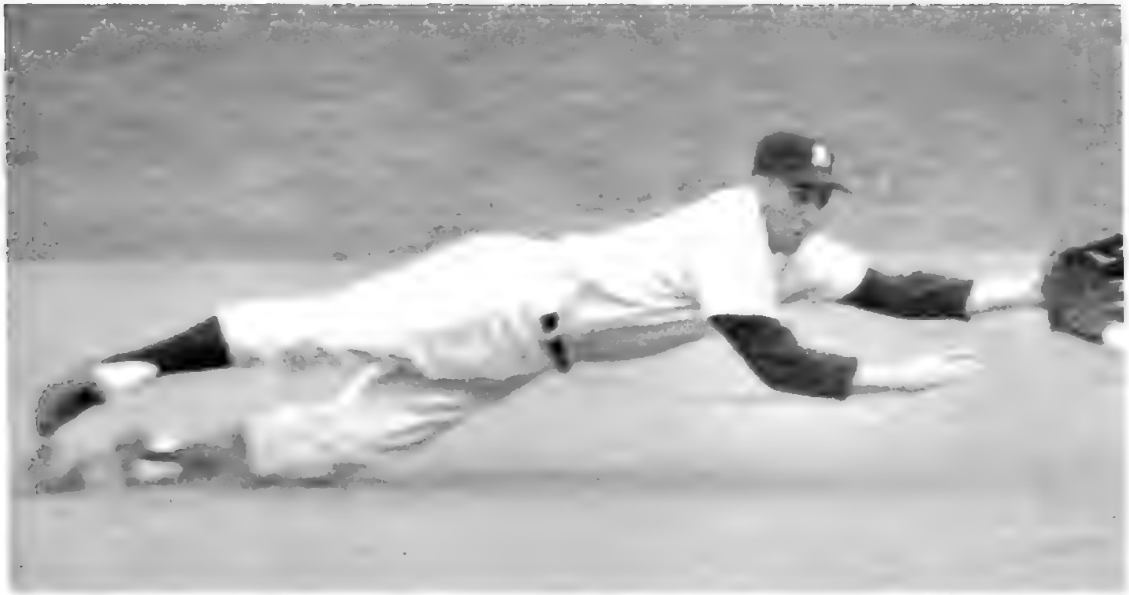

DIVING DESPERATELY, YANKS' BOYER KNOCKS DOWN HARD HIT BALL, MAKES THROW FROM KNEES TO COMPLETE BEST PLAY OF SERIES

THE YANKEES' STOPPERS

New York's traditional home run heroics were matched by Boyer and Ford on defense

In New York fans came to cheer Yankee power. They stayed to marvel at two aspects of Yankee defense—the fielding of Third Baseman Cletis Boyer and the pitching of Whitey Ford (*right*). In the first two games Boyer made three wonderful, diving stops of crisply hit ground balls and threw the runners out each time. The pictures on the opposite page show the most remarkable of the three—"the best play I ever made," said Boyer. It came with two out in the eighth inning of the first game. Cincinnati Pinch Hitter Dick Gernert hit a quick bouncer between third and short, apparently a certain single. But Boyer dived on a long, low line to his left, landed on his stomach and bounced once, and stopped the ball. He scrambled to his knees, saw he had no time to get to a better position and threw the ball, cleanly and accurately, from there. He caught Gernert by two steps.

Boyer's fielding plays were, of course, a help to Ford, but Whitey didn't need them to win the first game. Nor did he need them when he won the fourth game, as well. He pitched with the icy competence that is his trademark, and if during his 14 scoreless innings the Reds looked tense, puzzled and generally inept at the plate, credit Ford. He has done the same thing to many good teams, including the Pirates in last year's World Series. In both games he stayed ahead of the hitters; in the first game, against 23 of the 30 batters he faced, his first pitch was a strike. He gave up only two singles in that 2-0 victory; he had given up four singles when he left, because of a foot injury, in the sixth inning of the fourth game, which the Yankees won 7–0. He has now pitched 32 consecutive scoreless innings in World Series competition, breaking another record set by Babe Ruth.

CONTINUED

POWER WAS THE ULTIMATE PAYOFF

Once again the Yankees won by doing what they do better than anyone else: hitting the ball out of sight

For two full games and eight innings of a third, Cincinnati had played the Yankees dead even. Then, in the ninth inning, Roger Maris got his first hit of the Series. It was a typical Maris home run, hit high and deep into the right-field bleachers, and it won that game for the Yankees. It may, for that matter, have won the Series too, because after that the Cincinnati team crumpled under the continuing pressure of Yankee power. The Yankees won the fourth game 7-0; then, in the first inning of the last game, they destroyed the Reds' last hope with five runs. John Blanchard hit his second home run in this violent inning (*below*). The Yankees were playing without the wounded Mickey Mantle and the wounded Yogi Berra. But the two outfielders replacing them—Hector Lopez and Blanchard—actually led the Yankee attack. Said Bob Purkey sadly, after Blanchard had hit the home run off him in the third game, "I threw the ball too high and too much inside, and he hit it too far out." That might serve as the epitaph for the Reds in this Series. END

CAUTIOUS COMES OF AGE

Cassius Clay, the heavyweight prodigy who is called Cautious by his trainer, was anything but in Louisville last week. He knocked out Alex Miteff and showed he can fight almost as much as he can talk

by GILBERT ROGIN

CLAY SETS UP MITEFF FOR KNOCKOUT IN THE SIXTH WITH A VIOLENT RIGHT CROSS

"Alex Mit-teff vs. Cassius Clay," announced Cassius Clay, child of scorn, and took a stance reminiscent of Frank Sinatra defending himself against a photographer. "Biff, biff, bam, biff, biff!" he said, intently punching the air, then flopped on his bed, eyes preposterously rolling. "Clay is down," he said. "Ladies and gentlemen, what is the matter?" Then, imploringly, "Clay, Clay!" He lay still. Presently he sat up and put out his hand, silencing a vast, murmurous and imaginary crowd.

"Quiet, everybody," said his trainer, Angelo Dundee. "Cautious is going to make a speech."

"Mit-teff must fall!" Cassius said, a dark Isaiah, and doubled up laughing. He picked up the phone and called his brother Rudy. "Hello," he said, "Cassius Clay in? No? Well, you tell him: he must throw the fight." He hung up. "Did you ever meet anyone like me? All Dundee's fighters are sad. I'm the oniest one that cheers him up."

"There's only one Cassius Clay," said Dundee. "Thank God."

Thus, in his Louisville hotel room last week, the day before he knocked out Alex Miteff, Cassius Clay, 19, undefeated in eight professional heavyweight fights, noisily hammered his armor.

"I am not talking this night," he said severely. "No comment. I'm mature. I'm growing a mustache. I shaved yesterday for the first time in my life. Things are getting so rough for me around here I'm losing all my girl friends. I don't feel like talking. I don't feel rowdy. But the trouble is boxing's dying because everybody's so quiet. Patterson's quiet. Harold Johnson's quiet. What boxing needs is more Moores and Robinsons and Clays. I'm an unpredictable young man

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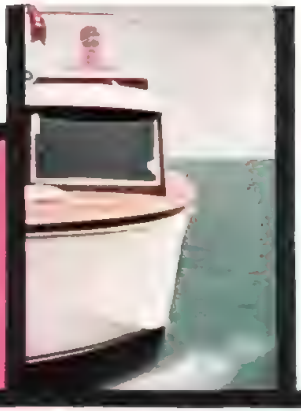

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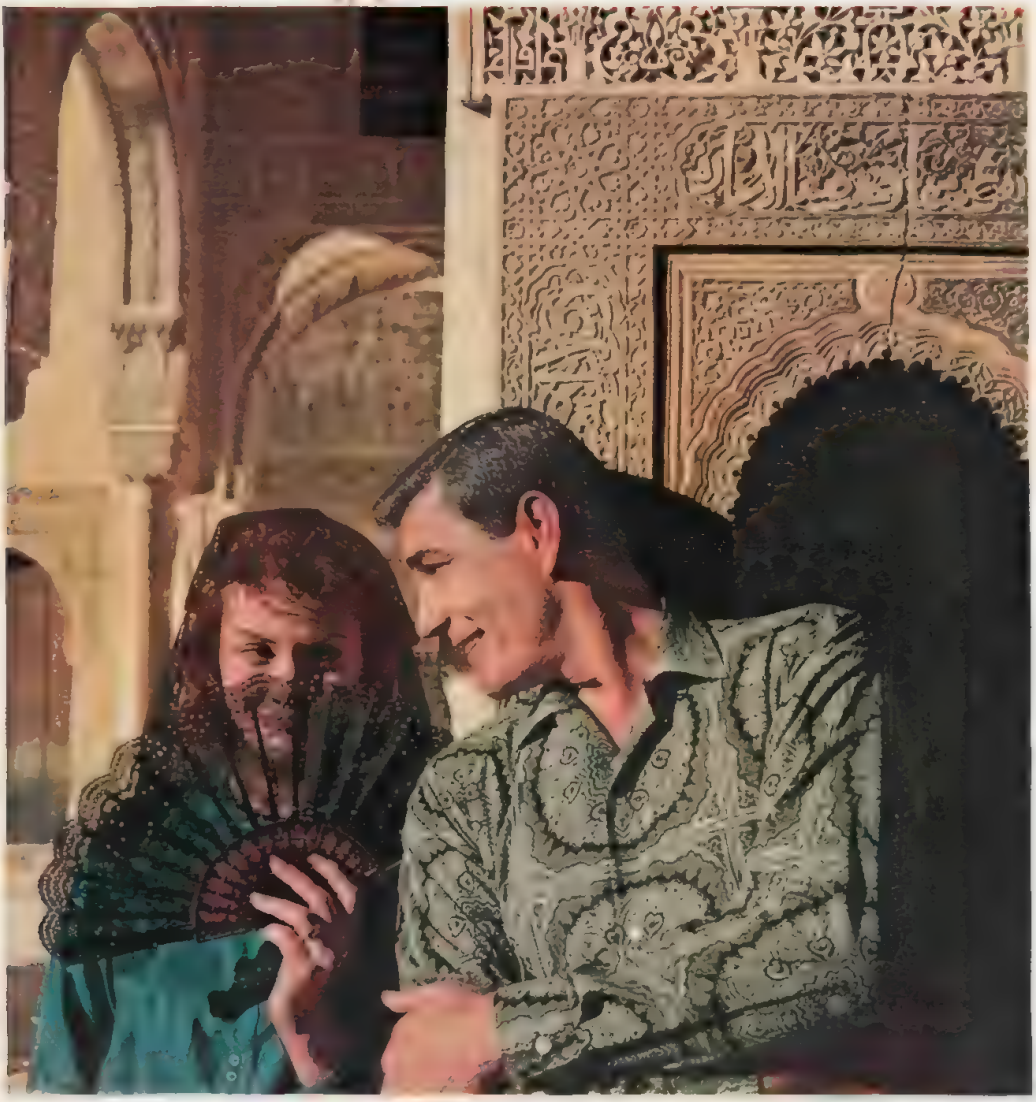

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with a raggedy pink Cadillac. This is my town. When you walk down the street with old Cass you're liable to get a free bottle of champagne. Where do I find all the things I say? I'm an educated boy. I sit down and think them up.

"No comment," said Cassius. "I'm not talking this fight because I don't have to. Everyone knows Mit-teff. His greatest element will be the element of surprise; my surprise. I expect Mit-teff to be strong, to hit hard, but hitting hard don't mean a thing if you can't find nothing to hit. Mit-teff has a big head. I'll find it. Did I ever show you my scrapbook? I carry it with me."

Two floors above the onliest fighter, Alex Miteff brooded on a bed in his dim hotel room: his scrapbook is his worn and moody face. Once, too, like all of us, Alex had been young and undefeated. Now he is 26. "All my life was very tough," he said, with a little smile. "When I was 7 years old I worked in Buenos Aires for a year making 25¢ a month cleaning out market. I never remember in my life I wear short pants. When I was 14 I make shoes, have my own store. At 14 I am foreman over 50 guys in a place where you make the fantasy with wood. Then I box, and Perón get me job in post office, supreme court, and I don't do nothing. When amateur, so friendly with Perón. He was so big he made me feel so big. I go to New York. I won 12 straight fights as professional. I figure I will be champion in 15th fight. But I have the bad luck. All time I dream some day I will be champion. My manager said he is my father but a father that robs me I don't want. He cut me 50-50. Even after he is not my manager he cut me 50-50 for 2½ years. What do I know? I can't even say good morning in English. He rob me. We Argentines, we don't mind being robbed, but we like you tell us that you are robbing us.

"Then I lose and he don't care about my career. He care about money. He get all the time tough fights; they go with the money. Six years, I don't try. I don't train right, I don't do nothing. Now it's different. I have new managers, Gil Clancy and Howard Albert. It's like old times in Argentina. I want to prove myself. Money comes second. I feel all the time in better shape I am in now I can beat them easy. I feel like a millionaire even though I got no money. If I only get a little luck."

But luck, unfortunately, no more decides prizefights than it does the destiny of nations or dice games. Miteff lost $7 the day before the fight, shooting craps against a bathroom door. When you look for luck you have already joined the great, intolerable march of losers. Of course, it was not inevitable that Miteff would fall, although it was a gloomy symbol that he wore a pair of trunks he borrowed from Clay. He is a very strong, willful and resourceful fighter, if deficient defensively. In the first few rounds with Clay, however, he showed considerable, though sporadic, improvement on defense, shielding his face with his arms and bobbing and weaving with success. But Clay's hands are so fast and well aimed that it is impossible, ultimately, to avoid them.

Clay's surprise

In the first round, Clay tried for a knockout. He had been distressed at the criticism he had received in his first TV fight last July with Alonzo Johnson and was determined to show improvement. "They said I did too much hopping around for a heavyweight," Clay said. It was Trainer Dundee's plan—and Clay's surprise—that Cassius try to knock Alex out in the first round. To that end, Cassius came down off his toes and relentlessly hit Miteff's face with multiple combinations, at times without dispute. But Miteff seemed to withstand these blows well and lunged forward with infrequent but strong hooks to Clay's body. It was still Cassius' round by a large margin.

In the second, Clay continued to fire at will until, after one prolonged attack by the ropes, Miteff caught him with an enormous right, slowing Clay down for the rest of the round, which Miteff won. Toward the bell, Clay's punches, though as numerous as before, seemed to be losing their effectiveness. Alex hit him a good shot after the bell and then apologized theatrically to the booing crowd. Indeed, with his brutish style, the fight soon took on the morality of a wrestling match, Miteff playing the villain nicely.

Between the second and the third rounds Dundee told Cassius to start boxing, and he did, sticking and moving to good advantage. Miteff seemed to get more loutish as the fight progressed, occasionally letting his arms fall by his side and daring Clay to hit him, at other times making curious faces. Through the fourth and fifth rounds the pattern remained the same: Alex hooking for the body, and Clay either tying him up or fencing him off with rapid, appallingly accurate sequences of blows to his bruised face.

It was still a relatively close fight, and Miteff was very much in it, indeed often the aggressor, when the end suddenly came in the middle of the sixth round. Cassius had started a combination with a fairly tentative left jab, a measuring jab, no more, which didn't move Alex's head. He followed it with a short right hand of great sweetness that hit Alex on the point of the chin, and Alex went down slowly. He stumbled up at perhaps four or five and seemed able to continue the fight, but he was truly out on his feet, lurching along the ropes and then, in the determined important walk of a drunk, toward his corner. Referee Don Asbury stopped the fight as it was incontestably apparent that Miteff was in no shape to go on.

"I was surprised," Alex admitted afterward. He touched himself on the chin. "Just catch me on button," he said. "Things happen. It was like a dream. Everything is luck."

"We figured the kid would tire in the later rounds," Gil Clancy said. "Only there were no later rounds."

It was a notable victory for Clay, proving his ability to endure as well as dish out, and Dundee was well pleased with his prodigy.

"Listening," he told Clay. "That's the difference. If you listen and fight smart you can beat any fighter."

"He's got a long way to go," said Solomon McTier, who worked Clay's corner. "But he's going to come. Climb on my back, Cassius. I'm going to carry you to the hotel."

"You see," said Dundee, "the way he was tying up Miteff's left. He could never do that before. Now I'll teach him how to tie up the right. And he's starting to stick with authority. His jab's not a flick any more. It's a weapon."

"Roger Maris," said Cassius grandly, "the world of space—this is an age of records and record breaking. If you don't break some records you're a no one. I want to break some boxing records. I want to be the youngest heavyweight champion in history. I have to be first in the soup line."

Clay picked up an imaginary phone. "Patterson," he said. "This Dundee. Yeah, yeah, what's up, Dundee? Patterson, come on down and fight Clay."

"You tread nice and easily, Cautious," Angelo said. "You got a whole year or two to jiggle with." **END**

BANG GOES THE SHOTGUN

The San Francisco 49ers 'new' wide-open offense, blasting away for the second straight week, beat the Los Angeles Rams 35-0 and added a dynamic element to an old formula

by ALFRED WRIGHT

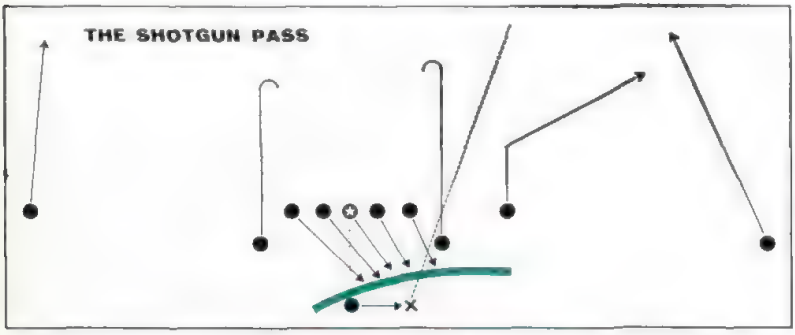
The San Francisco 49ers' shotgun offense went off with a loud bang last Sunday for the second time in eight days and blew the Los Angeles Rams into a heap of confusion, 35-0. Only the Sunday before it had done the same thing to the league-leading Detroit Lions, and it is getting harder and harder for the most stubborn dissenter to deny that coach Red Hickey is generating a serious revolution in professional football.

The way the 49ers started off on Sunday at Kezar Stadium was typical of how the shotgun operates. After returning the kickoff to their own 19-yard line, the team lined up in its shotgun formation. On the first play Quarterback John Brodie rolled out for a pass, was thrown for a two-yard loss and was replaced by Bobby Waters. From the same formation, Waters handed off on a reverse to Wingback C. R. Roberts, who went 28 yards down the middle. Waters was immediately replaced by Quarterback Bill Kilmer, who faked a pass and ran five yards over right guard.

Alternating the three quarterbacks on every play, the team moved 81 yards in 10 plays to score. The next time they got the ball they went 80 yards in 11 plays for a second touchdown. The Rams, who were facing the shotgun for the third time in less than a year, were thoroughly bamboozled, not so much by the shotgun itself as by the problem of trying to adjust on the spur of the moment to the different techniques of each quarterback. By the time the first half ended, the 49ers had scored three touchdowns and missed a 12-yard field goal, but the 21-0 score didn't tell half the story. The '9ers had picked up 18 first downs, seven rushing and 11 passing, to the Rams' three. They had gained 317 yards, 130 rushing and 187 passing, to the Rams' 42—39 of them passing. Brodie, Waters and Kilmer, shuttling in and out in that order, had completed 14 out of 17 passes. Not once in the entire game were the 49ers forced to fall back on the orthodox slot-T formation used by every other NFL club but the St. Louis Cardinals, who run their T from a double wing.

Coach Red Hickey's shotgun was first fired late last season in an upset victory over the Baltimore Colts, but it didn't really start everyone buzzing until a week ago Sunday when Hickey started shuttling his quarterbacks. The 49ers rang up 49 points against the confused Lions and kept them so far off balance that their offensive unit was held scoreless for the first time in 115 games.

Each of the three 49er quarterbacks is on the San Francisco payroll this year specifically because he can operate out of the shotgun as well as the standard T. Yet each is different from the others. Brodie is a splendid passer and can run a little if he has to. Kilmer is a wonderfully brave and deceptive runner but completely unpredictable and an uncertain passer. Waters is fast enough to be used as a defensive back. He can also throw a good pass and is self-assured enough to have



The shotgun formation (*below*) gives defense no clue as to whether pass or run will follow. On pass play (*left*) quarterback takes direct pass from center, can choose any of five receivers while protected by five linemen falling back (*arrows*). On running play (*right*) the quarterback steps forward, spins, fakes to halfback, hands off straight ahead to the fullback coming across from the right as linemen clear path.

earned the nickname "Cool" Waters.

"Red [Hickey] shuffled them in and out so fast that they mixed up our defensive keys," Detroit Coach George Wilson complained later. "Brodie ran once and passed 12 times. Kilmer passed seven times and ran 16. Waters ran seven and passed once."

Joe Schmidt, the Lions' superb linebacker who calls the signals for the defensive unit, explained, "When you are going against one quarterback, you can begin to follow his thinking and get a line on him. Bill Kilmer hurt us most with his roll-out running. So you start to get that figured out, and another guy comes in who does something else."

The shotgun has been likened to the old Pop Warner double wing that was introduced at Stanford more than 30 years ago, but it has one major variation: there is no blocking back. Actually, it looks more like the short punt formation from a spread that numerous teams have used through the years when they were behind and thinking only of trying a pass for a desperation touchdown. George Halas, the founder of the Chicago Bears, used an approximation of the shotgun a generation ago, but it is Red Hickey's shuttling quarterbacks who have given the shotgun the added charge it needed to be a success in the sophisticated ranks of the pros.

The 49ers line up for the shotgun with the quarterback five yards behind the center. The guards and tackles are spaced a little more widely than for the regular slot T, and both ends are split out—one three to five yards, the other end 10 to 15 yards. The flanker halfback is another 10 to 15 yards outside the tight end. The fullback and one halfback line up as wingbacks just outside the two tackles.

The several alternatives

The center spirals the ball directly to the quarterback, who then proceeds with one of a number of choices. He can send all three of his backs and his two ends into the secondary as pass receivers with his five linemen dropping back to form a protective pocket for him to throw out of. He can take a step forward, fake a handoff to one of the wingbacks crossing behind him and give the ball to the other wingback on a reverse inside or outside tackle. He can fake the reverse to both wingbacks and throw to one of the two ends or the flanker. If the defense retreats to cover his receivers and he sees running room ahead, he must be prepared to foot it on his own. He must even be able to run straight up the middle in an old-fashioned line plunge. And he must know how to quick-kick.

When Red Hickey first decided to experiment with the shotgun against Baltimore last year, the 49ers seemed hopelessly out of the running, with a 4-4 record, and the Colts were leading the Western Conference. Five days before the game, Hickey gathered the team together at their Washington, D.C. practice grounds and gave the players the new formation. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is the new offense we will use to beat Baltimore." He called it shotgun because, he says, "spread doesn't say much. A shotgun is a thing you can swing in any direction and fire when ready."

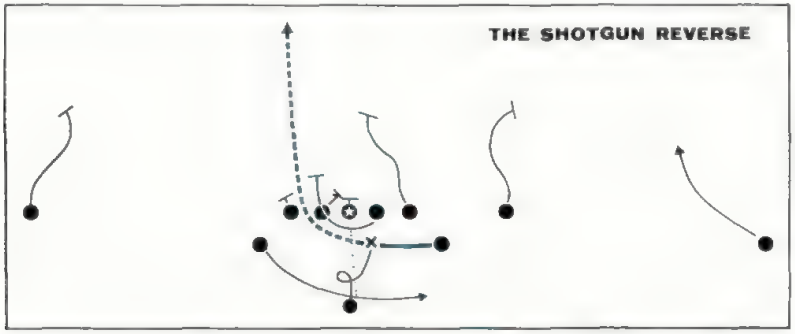
Many of the players were skeptical of what they regarded as "Pop Warner League" tactics, but their excitement grew as they practiced. "I was convinced that the defenses had caught up with the old standard T," Red Hickey now recalls, "and we figured last year was a good time to bust out with something new."

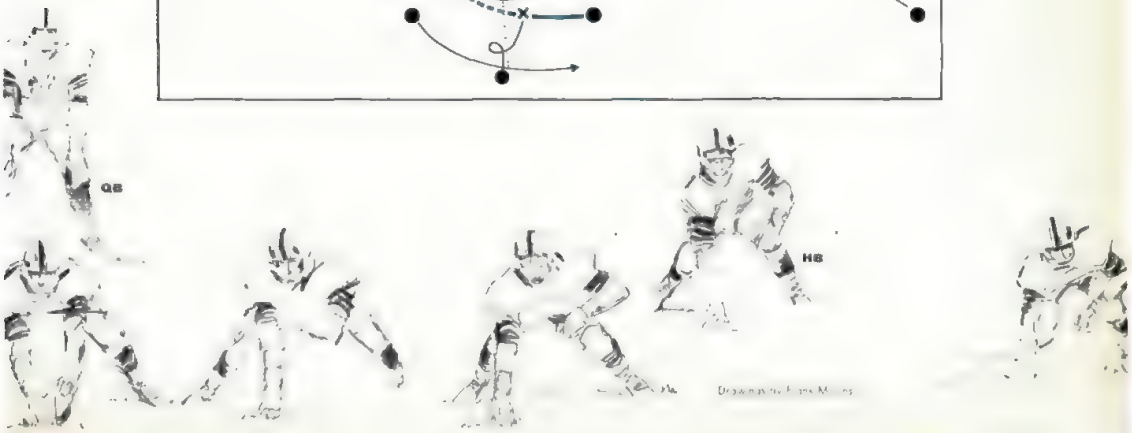
Although warned of the shotgun by a leak in a Baltimore paper the day before the game, the heavily favored Colts were taken by surprise—and by a score of 30–22. Afterwards, they made light of the shotgun, as did the rest of the league.

Nevertheless, the 49ers won three of their last four games (including another with the Colts) and ended the season in a tie for second place with Detroit. It was only when the 49ers collided with an unyielding Green Bay defense during a gooey downpour on the next-to-last weekend of the season that the shotgun sputtered and misfired. San Francisco lost that game 13–0—and with it a chance to tie Green Bay for the Western Conference championship.

During the off season, Coach Hickey had time to reorganize his personnel with the shotgun in mind. His most significant move was to draft Kilmer, who had been

continued on page 75



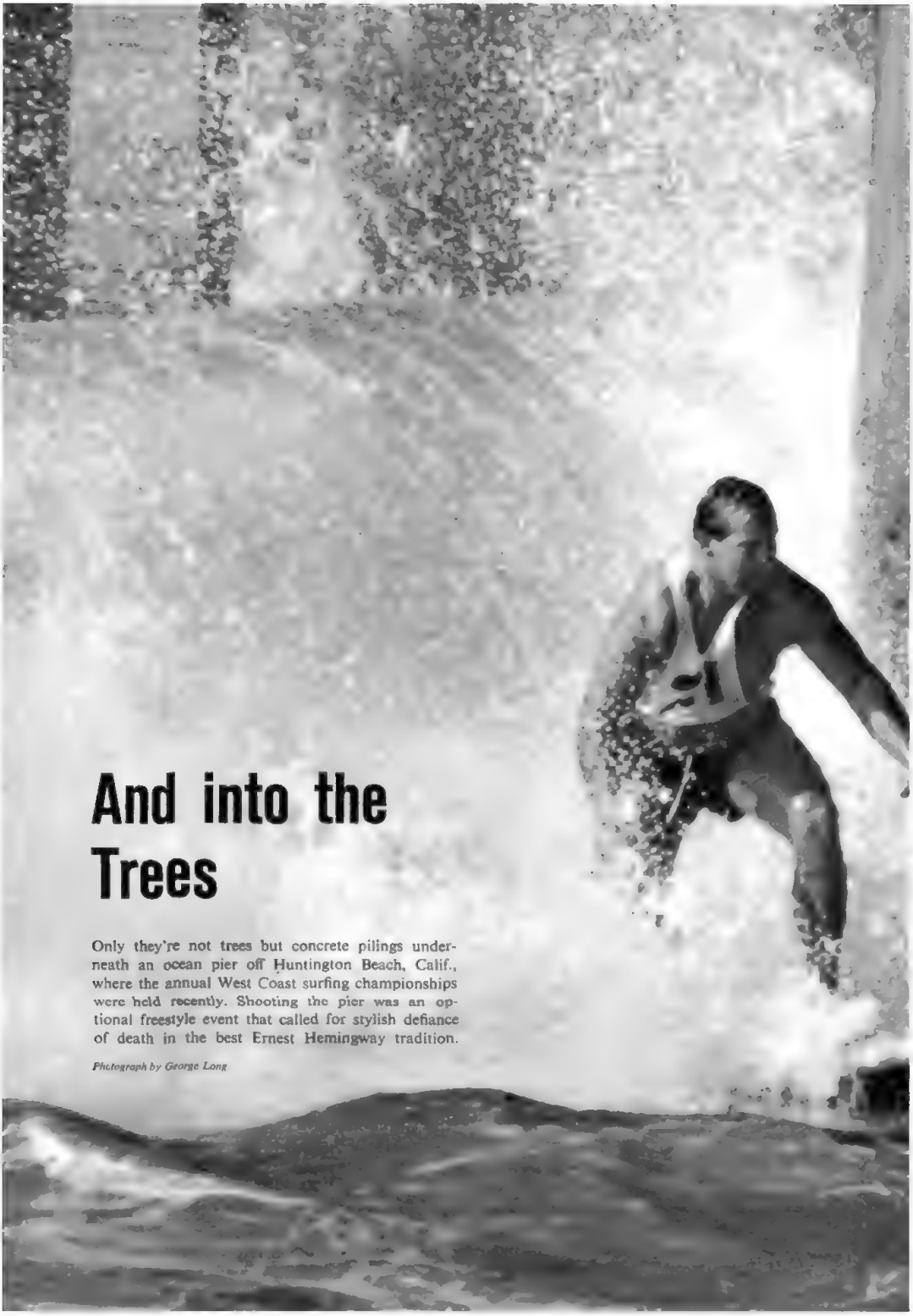


Photographs by Grey Gresham

Poosh-pull at New Haw

"Now, mates," grunts the No. 1 man, John Brogan, "*poosh!*" and the eight members of the New Haw and Woodham tug-of-war club push with their feet and pull with their arms against the might of a churning tractor. In practice the tractor generally wins; but in real competition against humans, New Haw and Woodham's burly aggregation of plumbers, farmers, bricklayers, linemen and riveters has heaved heartily enough to win the 100-stone (1,400 pounds) amateur tug-of-war championship of Britain for five of the past seven years.

TEAM ROPE IS STORED IN 'CLUBHOUSE'

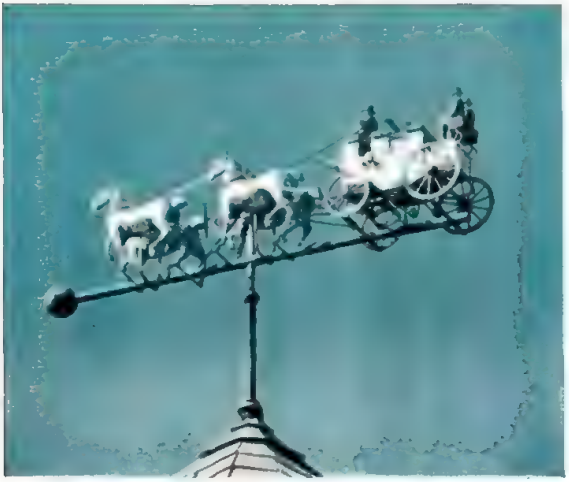


And into the Trees

Only they're not trees but concrete pilings underneath an ocean pier off Huntington Beach, Calif., where the annual West Coast surfing championships were held recently. Shooting the pier was an optional freestyle event that called for stylish defiance of death in the best Ernest Hemingway tradition.

Photograph by George Long

Photographs by James Drake



U.S. Horsemen Get a Plush New Home

For 10 years the U.S. Equestrian Team, the team which represents us in the Olympics and other international competitions, has lacked a base, training and stabling its horses wherever a patron could be found. Now USET squad members like Otis Brown and Wally Holly, shown walking their horses on the opposite page, are installed in luxury on 4,500 acres of fields and woodland near Gladstone, N.J. The magnificent stables, with patterned brick floors, glass-topped foyer and glittering weathervanes, were built by James Cox Brady nearly 50 years ago for his string of show horses and ponies. Unused for 18 years, they were leased by Brady's son to the USET. Finally in possession of a place they could call home, team officials began a search for young riders and horses, and invited the best to Gladstone, where, on the following pages, they were photographed in training.

Lustrous gray mount of Carlene Blunt, young Florida rider, takes a precise, delicate step during a dressage drill.

Shaded stable, splendid as a manor home, has luxurious stalls on the first floor, with quarters above for the team.

In octagonal foyer of barn bright sunlight is reflected off varying patterns of brickwork and the unusual glass ceiling.

Displaying classic form, Fred McCashin stretches with his mount as they attempt a spread fence in jump training.

McGREGOR gives a knowing winter weather report: fair and warmer in hale-and-hearty brogue coats of JONAH'S WALE, rugged, wide-wale all-cotton CONE CORDUROY. Interior chill-barrier, the foamy pile linings. Dad's and son's styles in tans and greens. Men's Polar Brogue, 36 to 46, $39.95. Brogue Blizzard, prep sizes 14 to 20, $29.98. **At better stores everywhere.**

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ALL ALONE BY THE TELEPHONE

That's George Preston Marshall, the controversial owner of pro football's paleface Washington Redskins. G. Presto loves customers, but says he may be anti-people. Some critics believe what he mostly is is anti-Negro

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Photographs by Neil Leifer

As the very model of the dynamic 20th century gentleman, George Preston Marshall, the president of the Washington Redskins football team, is something of an anomaly. Unusually energetic and sometimes foolhardily brave, he has never driven a car or flown in a plane. "No guts," he says. His political heroes are two of the most disparate personages in American history: Thomas Jefferson and Calvin Coolidge.

continued

OPPOSING PICKETS parade at the home opener of the Redskins. Negroes want the team integrated, but members of the crackpot American Nazi Party want only lily-white players.

A man who seldom ducks the messiest of public debates, he is as fussy as an old maid about his personal habits. When he calls at the office of C. Leo De Orsey, his financial adviser, he is apt to straighten the pictures and rearrange the furniture. Marshall likes attention, but he is so sensitive about his age—he was 65 on the 11th of this month—he gets angry if wished a happy birthday. Not long ago De Orsey told Marshall he had arranged for the Redskins to have a 30-year lease on the new D.C. Stadium. "Did you get an option to renew?" Marshall asked. "I won't be here," De Orsey said. "I will," Marshall declared.

Marshall has won many nicknames in the pursuit of numerous careers. Known variously as George the Gorgeous, G. Presto, Marshall the Magnificent and Wet Wash, he has been celebrated as a *bon vivant*, newspaper publisher, wit, friend of the mighty, controversialist, intimate of the socially elite and laundry proprietor. He takes his greatest pride in the ownership of the Redskins—although, thanks to his refusal to hire Negro players, that pleasure must have had its limitations in recent years. Aside from the adverse publicity resulting from this policy, it has done nothing to help the Washington team, whose members are but pale reminders of such celebrated Redskins as Cliff Battles, Sammy Baugh and Dick Todd.

A fortnight ago the all-Caucasian Redskins marked their debut in the new stadium by losing to the Giants 24–21, but not all was lost for Marshall; the half-time show, called the "Matinee at Midfield" in Washington, was marvelous. Baritone Gene Archer and the 225-man Redskin band and chorus led the fans down "Musical Memory Lane." Marshall delights in such razzmatazz. Above everything else, he is a showman, a would-be Ziegfeld.

"Football to him is show business," says Dutch Bergman, an ex-coach who has reason to know. "The only reason Marshall wants the team is to be on stage," says Harry Wismer, a former Redskin stockholder. "He used to tell me, 'Don't worry if you don't win. What the hell, people are coming in and out of here all the time.'" (Wismer and Marshall are feudists. Of Wismer, Marshall says, with a sigh, "Think of the opportunities that guy has blown.")

The early days of George Preston Marshall were set in chivalric splendor. He was born in Mason County, West Virginia, the son of T. Hill Marshall and the former Blanche Preston Sebrell. The Marshalls ordinarily resided in Washington, but when their child was expected, Mrs. Marshall, following the custom of the ladies of the storied South, repaired to the family manse for the accouchement. Despite his West Virginia birth, Marshall looks upon himself as a Washingtonian. "Yes, I was born in West Virginia," he says, "but I was conceived and everything else in Washington."

Marshall says he recalls being wheeled about on the White House lawn as an infant. He vaguely remembers McKinley. An only child, he took an interest in dramatics and became a super in a local stock company in which Helen Hayes had worked. At 17, over the protests of his father, he quit school to try his luck as an actor in New York. He didn't get very far. When the U.S. entered World War I he enlisted in the Army. The flu epidemic kept him from serving overseas, and he remained a private throughout. "I was the only private in World War I," he says with pride.

The laundry man cometh

In 1918 his father died, and Marshall returned to Washington to run the family laundry. With the slogan "Long live Linen," he set about building up the business. "I didn't know a lot about the laundry," he says, "but I used my show experience to develop sales and a series of stories in the papers." At its height in 1945, when Marshall sold out, the Palace Laundry had 54 stores throughout Washington, all painted in striking blue and gold. The windows were bare save for a solitary flower to herald the appropriate season of the year. "Mr. Marshall is Washington's most famous laundryman," Damon Runyon wrote. "The rumor that Mr. Marshall personally does the washing is somewhat exaggerated. He does only the ironing of the finer pieces, such as lingerie."

Marshall thrived on the publicity. He objected only to the nickname of Wet Wash, which irks him to this day. "I was never in the wet-wash business," he says indignantly. "This was considered the lowest form of laundry business, and it was used by a lot of writers in derision." These were writers, Marshall says, who sought payola. "I always took the attitude," he says, "that the first-rate men couldn't be bought and the second-rate men weren't worth buying."

With his business booming in the early

His first name was Joe...

Schlitz®

The above is a Milwaukee engraver's version of the way Joseph Schlitz signed his name.

Jos. Schlitz did not actually found the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company. He married the widow of the man who did. But before he drowned in the Irish Sea, his name had been put on a beer so good that it has endured and prospered for 112 years.

All this time the same family that founded the company has directed the patient, prideful brewing of Schlitz beer.

And the beer has become such a familiar friend that no one thinks of the name as odd at all any more.

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Radar-Lite

Exclusive "SWITCH-LOCK," red safety flasher, 40,000 candlepower beam, corrosion-proof.

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Compact, corrosion-proof design. Brilliant, smooth beam. Push-pull loading. Uses 3 flashlight batteries

Fresher power from exclusive chrome protection, Longer dependable life, Self-rechargeable, Leakproof, Sealed in steel construction.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

FREEPORT, ILLINOIS NIAGARA FALLS, CAN.

'30s, Marshall made his entrance into the great worlds of society and politics. He had a fountain in his dining room and a bathroom papered with covers from *La Vie Parisienne*. In 1931 he toured Europe with his friend Jimmy Walker. "Jim Farley and I were very thick for years," he adds. In 1932 and 1936 Marshall was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, but he gave up formal allegiance to the party in 1937, when he moved the Redskins to Washington from Boston. When business warrants, Marshall strives to be a neutralist. Before Pearl Harbor he warned his laundry drivers and sales force: "Your Palace organization is 100% American—employs only 100% Americans. Your United States of America is a neutral country . . . therefore, the discussion or conversation of the conflict in Europe with customers or with anyone is in strict violation of the rules of this organization—and anyone who violates this rule will be dismissed."

With Jimmy Cromwell, future bridegroom of Doris Duke, Marshall imported from Cuba the first rumba band ever to play in Palm Beach. With Cromwell, he climbed the heights of Newport, and many are the tales, apocryphal or otherwise, of that ascent. Making his bow there, Marshall—who has a phobia about dirt—deftly flicked a spot of dust off the shirt front of the Arnoesque Colonel Creighton Webb. When a bridge-playing dowager affixed him with her lorgnette and asked archly who he was, he replied, "Madam, the name is Marshall, and I'm in the laundry business. Can I get your work?"

He amazed a Washington dinner party by bounding in with the news, "congratulate me, folks. I've finally arrived socially. Today I got the sheets of Mrs. Bordy Harriman." He became chums with Averell Harriman, giving him, he says, ideas for *Newsweek*. "I dictated the format to Raymond Moley on a train going west," he says airily. But Marshall and Harriman haven't seen one another for several years. "He went one way, and I went another," Marshall says. "Politics!"

For a spell Marshall served as publisher of Hearst's *Washington Times*. He pepped up circulation by dressing a crew of street vendors in black and gold uniforms and dispatching them to strategic locales at critical intervals. He amused Washington no end. Society tittered with his doings. His zenith came when he sent out a Christmas card showing himself toting a bag of laundry up the social ladder.

It was the quest for publicity that led Marshall into sports. In the mid-'20s he took over a basketball team named the Yankees and dubbed it the Palace A.C. In 1932 he took over the Boston franchise in the National Football League. To avoid confusion with the Braves, he named the team the Redskins. He dressed the players in burgundy and gold uniforms, because, it was said in those days, he had spent so much gold for burgundy. He hired all the Indians he could and installed Lone Star Dietz, a full-blooded Indian, as coach.

Marshall literally spouted ideas to better pro football. He opened up the game by fighting for the rule allowing a forward pass to be thrown from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. It was he who dreamed up the notion of two divisions and a championship playoff. And from the beginning he never failed to offer his own suggestions on how to coach the team. Once, after the Redskins had won the toss, he told Dietz to kick off instead of receive. Then, discovering that no one was available to work the spotting phones high above Fenway Park, he decided to man them himself. After clambering to his perch and donning the headset, he was aghast to see the Redskins lined up to receive. "Damn you, Dietz," he shouted into the phone. "I told you to kick off!" "We did," said Dietz, "and the Giants ran it back for a touchdown."

A Monday morning quarterback

Nowadays, Marshall denies he was involved in the incident, but there can be no denying he ponders every move of every coach carefully. (The Redskins have had five of them in the last decade.) Bergman says that when he was coach, Marshall used to discourse brilliantly at Monday morning critiques. Afterwards Bergman learned Marshall made it a practice to look at the game movies beforehand. There are times, however, when Marshall is not eager to claim credit for tactical brilliance. Once after the Eagles had pasted the Redskins 49-14, a youngster seeking autographs asked Marshall if he were the coach. "Not today," said G. Presto.

The year before Marshall moved the Redskins from Boston, where they were a financial flop, he married Corinne Griffith, "the Orchid Lady" of the silent

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Only thing that goes bumpity-bump about this one is your heart

The plain truth is you couldn't be sitting prettier even if you paid a pretty penny more. This new '62 Chevrolet brings you just about everything you ever yearned for in a car—at a price that's taken the high cost out of feeling luxurious. A relaxing Jet-smooth ride that skims you over rough roads—and any other kind—in calm and comfort. A fresh slim-roof silhouette. Rich new interiors (the heater-defroster comes as standard equipment). A new choice of V8 skedaddle—all the way up to a 409-hp* highway hound. The craftsmanship and finesse of Body by Fisher. Beauty that stays beautiful—right down to steel front fender inner shields for extra rust protection. Drop in at your Chevrolet dealer's and see how much more there is to like about America's best liked car. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Impala 4-Door Sport Sedan—one of fourteen new '62 Jet-smooth beauties.

Habit forming

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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

screen. (Marshall had been married previously to Elizabeth Mortensen. They had two children, George Jr., now living in Florida, and Catherine, who is married to George E. Price, the comedian. Marshall will say nothing of his first marriage other than that he still pays alimony.) Miss Griffith responded to football by collaborating with Barnee Breeskin, then the orchestra leader at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, a favored Marshall spa, in writing *Hail to the Redskins*. Miss Griffith did the lyrics, Breeskin the score. The song goes.

Hail to the Redskins, Hail Vic-to-ry
Braves on the warpath, Fight for old D.C.
Scalp 'em, Swamp 'em
We will take 'em big score.
Read 'em, weep 'em,
Touchdown we want heap more.
Fight on Fight on till you have won.
*Sons of Wash-ing-ton.**

Feeling a tie to the South, Marshall has changed a line so the song now goes, "Fight for old Dixie" instead of "D.C." Miss Griffith also wrote a book, *My Life with the Redskins*, which a library in Los Angeles filed under the heading, Racial. Although Miss Griffith has since divorced Marshall, he feels a deep attachment to both her song and the book. He presents a copy of each to every Redskin rookie. A couple of years ago he was most distressed when Breeskin, following a quarrel, sold his interest in the song to Clint Murchison Jr., the Texas millionaire. Although Marshall opposed expansion of the NFL, he agreed to back Murchison's Dallas team for admission in exchange for rights to the music.

For 11 years, from 1936 to 1946, the Redskins prospered both in the standings and at the gate as Quarterback Sammy Baugh led them to two world championships. Before Baugh retired, the Redskins had already begun to slip. Critics faulted Marshall on two counts, for failing to hire Negro players and for being loth to spend money to find talented players of any color. An ex-Redskin says, "When you begin to reach a higher salary, you're traded." Bergman recalls the time he asked Marshall to ship the team to the Westchester Country Club for practice before a playoff with the Giants. "How much will it cost?" asked Marshall. "About $3,000," said Bergman. "Are you sure you're going to win?" Marshall asked. "Yes," said Bergman. "Go," said Marshall. At a luncheon in Baltimore, Buzz Nutter, a Colt center, kiddingly accused the Redskins of making him hitchhike home after he was cut from the team. Irate, Marshall rushed to the podium, brush-blocked Nutter out of the way and denounced him as a liar.

Marshall has feuded with Washington columnist Shirley Povich ever since a train trip home after a rough game with the Bears in 1938. "I was sitting in my room, doping out ideas for a column, when Marshall burst in the door," Povich recalled. "He was waving a check over his head and he literally screamed that the game had resulted in the Skins leaving Chicago with the greatest cut of receipts ever taken out of the city by a football team, college or pro. Next morning, after we'd pulled out of Pittsburgh, I started walking through the Pullmans to talk with a couple of players about the game. I knew they'd be pretty stiff and sore and a little surly, but I thought the night's sleep and a good breakfast might have softened them up. They weren't in the Pullmans. At Pittsburgh, Marshall had shifted them back to the day coaches for the rest of the trip to Washington. Why pay Pullman *all* the way? All right, so that's good business sense. But I just couldn't see the move, especially after the Skins' most profitable game to date. I wrote it up for my column. Marshall hit the ceiling and hasn't been down from it since."

A knack for controversy

Marshall started calling Povich "that fifth columnist," and he sent him wires commenting on his lack of journalistic ability. In the past, Marshall's knack for controversy has ranged afar. When the Redskins played an exhibition in Winston-Salem, N.C., local officials took Marshall on a tour of the city. Shown the R. J. Reynolds tobacco factories, he scoffed at Winston-Salem as a "one-corporation city." At the airport he derided flying and at an underwear plant he remarked, "I haven't worn an undershirt in 25 years. Only wear shorts. Guess I cut your business in half." Even Oscar Levant met his match in Marshall. When Marshall appeared on his TV show, Levant said, "I hear you're anti-Semitic." Marshall answered, "Oh, no, I love Jews, especially when they're customers." An uproar followed. Wismer flew to Hollywood to announce he was "shocked, but not terribly surprised." Levant was contrite. "I'm sorry about this," he said. "I shouldn't have done it. *Variety* raised hell with me. Marshall kept saying how ugly I was—right there on the show. He said, 'What an ugly fellow you are, Oscar.' "

Asked about the contretemps, Marshall says, "If I'm doing a show that's supposed to be amusing and entertaining, and if Levant asks me a facetious question, I'll give an amusing answer. The audience laughed like hell. No one of intelligence has ever questioned my theories on race or religion. Ah is an independent boy!"

Someone of intelligence recently did question Marshall's theories on race. Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, noting the lack of a Negro on the Redskins, wrote Marshall last spring that he was aware of "persistent allegations that your company practices discrimination in the hiring of its players," and that unless Marshall changed his policy he was going to have trouble. The new stadium is built on land owned by the Federal Government, and a regulation specifically forbids discrimination. If Marshall tried to back out of the 30-year contract he would face a suit. If he failed to adhere to the regulation, he would face prosecution. "I didn't know the Government had the right to tell a showman how to cast the play," Marshall said. "I would consider it a great honor to meet and discuss this with the President of the United States. Yes, I'd like to debate that kid. I could handle him with words. I used to handle the old man [Joseph P. Kennedy] in Boston."

Despite the bluster, Marshall wrote League Commissioner Pete Rozelle that he was interested in drafting good Negro players. Some of Marshall's friends rallied to his side. For one, Edward Bennett Williams, the lawyer, is convinced Marshall is no bigot. Marshall, Williams says, just doesn't like it very much being pushed around. He might have hired a Negro before if the press hadn't carried the fight to him.

In an interview the other day, Marshall seemed strangely subdued, for Marshall. "I'm now only interested in one subject," he said, "getting the Redskins back to what they were—winners." He denied there was any "new" Marshall. "I'm not any different than I ever was," he said. " 'Marshall's not as wild as he used to be.' Well, hell, Marshall was never wild." He appeared to have had his fill of controversy, at least temporarily. "I sure have been accused of being anti-everything," he said. "Anti-Jewish, anti-Catholic. Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'm just anti-people." **END**

*[illegible]

THE HEADY SPORT

OF GRAPESMANSHIP

Drawings by Mitt Sayant

One of the most satisfying social ploys, says this home wine maker, is to lift your glass and proclaim, "It's a small wine, but mine own"

address of record 11/8/66
101 Hoyt Av.
Providence, R.I.

by JOHN HANLON

The usual joys of autumn—snap in the air, tinge of the trees, return of orderliness after lazing through a summer—are not lost on me, but they are secondary. When summer shifts to fall in my corner of New England, I want to be home for another reason. It is time for wine making and I must be at my *cave*.

Home and cellar are at Providence, near the area that 11th century Norse explorers named "Vinland," but now hardly renowned for its viticulture. Since 1954, however, I have made my small contribution toward correcting this shortcoming by tending an annual birthing of the grape into wine. I am now able to proclaim, loudly if somewhat vinously, that I *probably* am one of the few of non-Latin extraction in the region who can serve a true *vin de maison*. Probably? Ah, the hell with it. I won't hedge. I say there are none around here, regardless of heritage, who produce a wine better prepared, aged, bottled and labeled than that which comes from my own stone cellar.

Heeding this September call of the grape has frequently called for logistical maneuverings that would try the Kennedy entourage at campaign time. My work as a newspaper sports columnist has often put me far from the desired scene as vendage time nears. The World Series, for example, has a bothersome custom of being played early in October. Nowadays I always root for the Los Angeles Dodgers to win the National League pennant, not because I like the team especially, but because my paper will not stand the cost of sending me to the West Coast. Accordingly, Walter O'Malley in my book is not all bad.

In 1957 I was in Moscow in mid-September. The assignment was fascinating, but I passed up the chance to prolong it because an extension would put me at my cellar too late. Last summer it was Rome for the Olympic Games. My wife and youngsters were with me, and the living —and the Olympics —were splendid. Neither could hold me. We left Rome a few days before the end of the Games so I could keep to schedule. My wife may claim that the real reason for hustling home on this occasion was to get the youngsters back in time for school

continued

We gather around the vat and crush the grapes until the juice runs

opening, but this simply goes to show once again that men and women hear a different drummer.

This fall may be devastating. The turn of the wheel will have me, without recourse or return reservation, in England in October, and I despair. There are, I understand, a few hardy souls in old Blighty who attempt home wine making. I shall try to find one. But I have heard that wine grapes there are scarce and unsatisfactory, and that English wine making is more ritualistic than feasible. It will be a sad October.

Of course, there is with my own wine making, as with that of the English, a certain ritual and illusion. My grapes are not picked up by singing workers in nearby vineyards and hauled to the *chai* by oxcart. Instead they are freighted in by refrigerator car from California, and I lug them from the store to my suburban home in my car. (It *is* a Renault, and that helps a bit.) The amount of wine I make is not great by commercial standards, but it is enough to sustain me and mine from one October to the next. And my methods for wine making, though classical, are what I consider informal, as opposed to the formal procedures of your truly purist home-level oenologist.

The owner greets me as a fellow wine maker and invites me to inspect the crop

The formalists deal in such worthy matters as sulfurization, sugar content, total acidity and alcoholic content, and they come equipped with the gadgetry to infuse and or test for same. I do not decry. But in my vintage I hold to this theory: as an airplane is made to fly and wants to fly, so do wine grapes *want* to become wine, given the proper set of circumstances. So I proceed by ways that were in use centuries ago. I make no claim that my wine has the bouquet of a Château-Latour, the velvet quality and size of a Romanée-Conti or even the robust Latin verve of a Chianti. But it is wine, a true descendant of the product made by the ancient Egyptians and before—if the caveman was as herbivorous and clever as claimed.

The urge to make a wine of my own was the only aim in the first year or two of my vintage. But now I find that I am caught up by lures that go far beyond quantity or even quality. I am bound to admit that better domestic wines may be purchased from the commercial wineries at not much more than the cost of mine, figuring in time, effort and original costs of materials. But that's not the point. It is the other appeals that now make the vintage more compelling than ever.

For instance, my wife and two children are enlisted for the first step, that of crushing the grapes. In my system this is done by hand. The four of us gather around the vat, take a few bunches of grapes, crush them until the pulp is loosed from the skins and the juice running, then drop them into the vat for the fermentation. I do not, as often accused, force my children into the vat, barefoot, to crush the grapes in the ancient manner. It's a thought, I'll grant, that does have an appeal to a classicist, but the gas from fermenting grapes can be fatal—after all, it's carbon dioxide—and I do worry about what the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children might think. We already have had one small and significant reaction from those who do not completely understand.

This happened last October in the classroom of our Martha, then age 8. The teacher, somehow or other, got into the subject of wine making and gave out the old one—complete, with shudder—that real wine makers foot-press their grapes. (There is a cartoon on the matter, in which a Helen Hokinson lady is saying timidly to the wine clerk: "Are you sure it was not made by foot?")

Martha, with a child's innocence and assurance, promptly announced publicly that this was poppycock. When the teacher asked Martha her source of information, Martha said: "My father. He makes our wine. He said so."

Furthermore, as I get it, Martha went on to say that she herself had just that weekend helped her father crush *his* grapes (and so had her brother and so had her mother) and displayed her purple-stained hands as evidence. The teacher, I'm told, was taken considerably aback by this firsthand knowledge from the mouth of a perfectly well-informed babe and forthwith turned to the teaching of other matters.

There are additional boons. One is the solemn rite of the selection and purchase of my grapes. There are three stores in the Italian shopping area of Providence that seem to exist solely for the sale of grapes. From early November through

continued

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late August they are vacant, though one of them keeps permanently on display a huge sign that says, "UVO PER VINO" (Grapes for Wine).

But at vintage time, all three come to fruition, and inside they are crammed almost to the ceiling with cases of grapes. The overflow is piled in towering stacks on the sidewalk, where also is displayed a selection of wine barrels for purchase. Bees are at work on this unexpected lode, and men stand about—discussing, tasting, just looking.

With family, I enter my favorite of the three shops. Though we meet only this one time each year, the owner knows me now, not by name, but as a fellow wine maker. Ritualistically, he asks me first how last year's wine turned out. I tell him it was good. He tells me he *knew* those were good grapes. I am invited to inspect the current crop, equally as good, I am assured. Each crate carries a label giving the vineyard of origin, the variety of grape (Petit Sirah, Zinfandel, Muscatel, Alicante) and the trade name. I take a few grapes, sample them to taste and ask the sugar content (very important, since, once nature's chemistry is done, the wine's alcoholic content will be approximately one-half that of the sugar content). We spend a pleasant half-hour or so discussing varieties and price. I decide, as before, on a Zinfandel. I make my choice. A young man loads my crop into my car and I leave with the owner's wish for another good wine.

A few days later there is another of the boons: that of the sharp aroma of grapes fermenting in the vat below, filling the house with a deliciously vinous atmosphere for a week or so. There is the awe of simply watching the mass of pulp and juice in the vat begin to bubble and gurgle as the yeast on the skin of the grapes brings "life" to the conglomeration. All these things contribute to a wonderfully paternal feeling, so infrequently available to fathers in these times, of being the provider of one of life's happiest and worthiest foods.

And then there is one of the greatest joys—or ploys—of all. That is the serving of the wine. There are few experiences to surpass this scene. Friends are asked for dinner. At the proper moment, I go down to my own wine cellar. I select a bottle or two of my own wine, marked with my own personal label. When all are seated and ready, I pour the contents into a good wineglass and say: "Yes, my '59. Not a bad year at all." That satisfies me; that is truly gamesmanship on the grand scale.

For all the basic simplicity in the steps of the wine-making process, *i.e.*, crushing, fermentation, pressing, aging and, if desired, bottling, there is an amazing amount of gobbledygook available to confuse the vintner. I have perused much of it and have—for those interested—narrowed the choice of reasonable guidebooks down to two. They are, *Winemaking at Home* by Homer Hardwick (Wilfred Funk) and *American Wines and Wine-making* by Philip M. Wagner (Alfred A. Knopf). Each in its way offers concise descriptions of the equipment needed and procedures to follow. Their diligent study is recommended to any who are inclined to join the select brotherhood of wine makers.

One other advisory is ordered to joiners: the Federal Government wants to know about it. As with most everything, there is a form (Form 1541, U.S. Treasury Department Internal Revenue Service) that must be filed before proceeding. This grants governmental permission for the making—tax-free—of not more than 200 gallons of wine for family use, under certain conditions that are, well, unintentionally wry.

The wine maker, so the form says categorically, must be the head of a family. A single man cannot qualify for the exemption unless he heads a household. A married man living apart from his family is similarly banned. The wine may not be sold, it may not be "furnished to persons not members of the producer's family," may not be removed ("without authority of the assistant regional commissioner") from the premises where it was made, and two or more heads of families may not make wine jointly. And so on. The form is available at any of the offices of the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax division and there is no charge, other than the price you pay to your conscience for answering as you choose.

This fall, regretfully, I will not have to ponder my status in my household for Form 1541. As mentioned, there will be no 1961 vintage from the Château Hanlon in Rhode Island. And that is not the only consideration. I have the additional problem of moving and storing my winemaking implements—press, vat, barrels, etc.—while I am gone; the wine itself is no trouble, for that has already been happily consumed.

After much deliberation, I have taken my decision. The equipment is to be stored in the home of a French family. I feel certain, in so doing, that proper care and sympathy will be given my possessions until another vintage. And I mean to be back home next September. **END**

I pour a glassful and say: "Yes, my '59. Not a bad year at all"

Photographs by Bob Peterson

'WITH TERRY YOU STOP AND THINK'

Long, lean Terry Baker doesn't look or act like a football player, but his coach revised the Oregon State offense to accommodate this remarkable all-round athlete

by ALFRED WRIGHT

In an era of specialization, when few college undergraduates have time or energy to devote themselves to more than one campus activity, Terry Baker, a gaunt 20-year-old who plays quarterback for Oregon State University is that rare thing—the all-round man. Last year Baker, as a sophomore, was selected by both the Associated Press and UPI as a first-team All-Coast back after setting an Oregon State total offense record of 1,473 yards. He is one of the best basketball players in the college, having averaged 17.8 points a game during his freshman year. Moreover, before he reached college, Baker pitched the Jefferson High School baseball team of Portland to the state championship. He is majoring in mechanical engineering, one of the toughest courses at Oregon State, and he has a scholastic average just under Phi Beta Kappa level. Although only in his junior year, Baker is the president of his Phi Delta Theta fraternity, an honor always previously reserved for seniors. In recent years probably only Army's Pete Dawkins, whom Baker resembles, was a finer athlete, scholar and leader.

"Terry is certainly a remarkable boy," says his football coach, Tommy Prothro.

"Yes, Terry is a remarkable boy," echoes his basketball coach, Slats Gill, who signed up Baker for Oregon State.

Terry Baker is so remarkable, in fact, that this year Coach Prothro redesigned the Oregon State football offense to accommodate Baker's unusual gifts as a loping but elusive runner and a coolly accurate left-handed passer. Until this year Coach Prothro was conspicuous as one of a handful of major college football coaches who still taught the hairy, old-fashioned, single-wing type of football. He finally switched to the T formation because Baker's talents are uniquely suited to the position of T quarterback.

At first glance it may seem a paradox to find a young man of Terry Baker's singular quality starring on the football team at Oregon State. In recent years the college has acquired a somewhat unsavory reputation on the West Coast as a football factory, largely because it recruited California athletes who couldn't meet the entrance requirements at places like Stanford and the University of California. On the other hand, Baker's high school grades were such that he even attracted the attention of alumni from Harvard and Yale, where athletes must have achieved certain academic merit to receive scholarships.

The fact that Baker chose to go to Oregon State had little to do with football, however. "I wanted to take an engineering course," he has since explained, "and I wanted to stay in the state. The trouble with places like Harvard and Yale and Stanford, I thought, was that I didn't have any money. I realize now it probably isn't that way but that's how I felt at the time."

The stereotype of the college football star as a bull-necked, monosyllabic mercenary is so widely accepted that it comes

USUALLY TOO BUSY FOR SOCIAL ACTIVITIES, TERRY BAKER MAKES AN EXCEPTION FOR PRETTY FRESHMAN COED MARILYN DAVIS, 18

as a distinct surprise to meet Terry Baker for the first time. He is tall (6 feet 3) and seemingly thin (195 pounds), with broad, unsloping shoulders, long arms and legs and a neck that obviously separates his head from his shoulders. If you ask Baker to explain his purposes in college, you will get this kind of answer: "I'm taking a mechanical engineering course largely for the background it provides. It's my theory that you get the best education by taking courses that are hard. If you get used to working hard, you find that you do your best work. That's one reason I like to take part in as many sports as possible."

The youngest of three brothers, Baker grew up in a broken home in what he describes as a "lower-middle-class" section of Portland. His 46-year-old mother, who is now employed as a checking clerk in the receiving department of the Sears warehouse in Portland, has had to earn all the money to support her three sons. "We were always in poor financial shape," Baker says, without the least self-consciousness or apology, "and as long as I can remember my mother did nothing but work, work, work to take care of us. Even so, she always wanted us to keep up our athletics."

Both of Baker's older brothers preceded him at Jefferson High and Oregon State. Richard, who is now 27, was, as Baker puts it, "the scholar of the family." Because he was always skipping grades in school, Richard found himself among older boys and never had a chance to develop as an athlete. He became a physicist at college and afterwards took a job as a civilian employee of the Navy department at Pearl Harbor, working on a phase of the electrical system in the new nuclear-powered submarines.

Gary Baker, the middle brother, is only two years older than Terry, and the two of them were extremely close during their boyhoods. Gary loved baseball above all else, and he contributed to Terry's athletic precocity by

continued

including him in the games with the older boys that were played at the public park near the Bakers' home. The only baseball glove in the family belonged to Gary, a right-hander, so Terry, who is a natural left-hander, had to learn to throw a baseball with his right arm, which he still does.

At college, Gary was a star outfielder on the baseball team, and after his graduation in 1961 he spent the summer playing for the Raleigh Capitals of the Class B Carolina League. Next spring he is to be given a big-league tryout by the parent New York Mets.

When it came time for Terry to go to college it was only natural that he would be pursued fiercely by most of the college scouts in the Pacific Northwest. Strangely though, Coach Prothro and his staff were among the least aggressive. "I got the idea that he didn't like to get hit when he was playing high school football, so we didn't rush him too hard," Prothro said recently.

The summer after he finished high school Baker took part in Portland's annual high school all-star game in which he starred. Afterwards Coach Prothro visited him in the locker room to see if he had made up his mind about college.

"You didn't seem too interested in me before, Coach," Baker said to Prothro.

"I wasn't," Prothro admitted, "but tonight I thought for the first time that you really enjoyed playing football."

"I did enjoy it," Baker agreed.

By that time Baker had made up his mind to go to Oregon State on a basketball scholarship, and he didn't even bother to go out for freshman football.

Playing basketball for Coach Gill, Baker was an instant success even though he is on the small side as basketball players are measured at such earnest centers of the sport as Oregon State. "Terry can't work much around the backboards against the tall men," Gill says, "but he is fast and intelligent and competitive and makes wonderful plays."

After that first basketball season Baker started to play on the freshman baseball team as a pitcher. However, he stopped by the football field one day to watch spring practice, and another idea crossed his mind. He asked for a football suit and was soon hard at work learning the single wing.

TERRY'S MOTHER, Mrs. [illegible] Baker, looks over his scrapbook with brother Gary, now a professional baseball player.

"I didn't like all that idle time I had had in the fall," Baker recollects. "I guess I was like a businessman who puts his whole life into a business and doesn't want to give it up."

"Terry had a great deal to learn before he could play single wing," Prothro says. "He'd never run with the ball before he came here, and everyone had told him he couldn't play single wing. Everyone but us, that is. We told him he could. At first, he wasn't a good runner, but he kept improving. He's not fast, but he learned to be elusive, and he has a great competitive spirit."

Last fall, as a sophomore, Baker alternated as Oregon State's single-wing tailback with Don Kasso, the best running back in the college but an inferior passer. For a while they played about an equal amount of time, but Kasso was injured in midseason and was unable to play in two games. In those, Baker gained 274 and 302 yards, respectively, running and passing, and thus was able to set the new Oregon State record for most yards gained in a single season, a total that ranked him sixth in the whole country in this category.

"I don't really know what I do that's different," Baker will tell you in explaining how he learned to run with the ball. "I'm not very fast, you know. I guess I just give the basketball fakes out there, and it seems to work."

"Don't let anyone kid you," says Kasso, the husky little towhead who was Baker's rival for the tailback position. "Terry may not look fast, but that long-legged lope of his really eats up the ground and fools people. They don't [illegible]

SOME OTHER ALL-ROUND ATHLETES

[illegible]

REGINALD CAROLAN, Idaho end. Ranked [illegible] year. Starting forward on basketball team, was second high on team with 125 rebounds. Competes in shotput, discus and hurdles on track team. Has 3.0 average in physical education. Home: San Anselmo, Calif.

ERNIE DAVIS, Syracuse halfback. Made All-America last year, also rallied losing basketball team, averaging 10.2 points per game. Is a C student in economics. Home: Elmira, N.Y.

ROMAN GABRIEL, North Carolina State quarterback. All-America in 1960, completed 15 [illegible] TDs. Played [illegible] team, hitting five home runs and leading team in RBIs. High-B student in school of education. Home: Wilmington, N.C.

RONNIE GOODWIN, Baylor halfback. Southwest's [illegible] team's second-leading rusher, carrying ball 76 times for 343 yards and three TDs. A third baseman on baseball team, led conference batting with .419 average. Has a B- [illegible] Princess Horse, Odessa, Texas.

CURTIS McCLINTON, Kansas halfback. Gained 861 yards rushing in two years, led team in pass receiving in 1960. In track, won Big Eight 60-yard high hurdles, runner-up in outdoor high hurdles. Studying voice, hopes to be concert singer. Home: Wichita.

PAT RICHTER, Wisconsin end. First man in 36 years to win Wisconsin varsity letters in three sports, tied school record last year for most passes caught (25). Center on the basketball team, plays first base and outfield on baseball team with .398 batting average, including 13 doubles, four triples and seven home runs. A C-plus student in school of commerce. Home: Madison.

BOBBY LEE SMITH, UCLA halfback. Scored three TDs, kicked extra point, ran for 178 yards in 19'6 victory over Air Force. In track, broad jumped 24 feet ¾ inches, ran low hurdles in 23.8, 100 in 9.8, is B-minus student. Home: Compton, Calif.

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think he's moving as fast as he is."

Although Oregon State had a very respectable 6-3-1 record last year and lost by only a single point to Washington, the team that represented the West in the Rose Bowl, Prothro decided to convert his offense to the T formation this year so he could use both Baker and Kasso in the same backfield at the same time. This meant that Baker again had to skip baseball in the spring in order to learn all of Prothro's formations. This was quite a blow to the baseball coach, who harbors secret dreams of building Baker into an ambidextrous pitcher. For Baker still throws a baseball right-handed, as he learned to do in his boyhood, although he throws the football left-handed.

Baker's clear thinking is the one trait that impresses his elders above all his other assets. Admiral Daniel B. Miller, who had him as a student in his general engineering course, says he is "one of the best students I ever had. Normally, there are about 25% dropouts in this course; in other words, it's not a Mickey Mouse, as the boys would say. Terry showed me a clear, decisive mind, and his work is neat and logical. Above all, he knows how to husband his time, and his concentration is remarkable. You could shoot a gun off in the room when he is studying, and it wouldn't disturb him."

Coach Prothro puts the same idea a different way. "With most boys," he says, "if they ask you a question, you can just give them an answer, and that's that. With Terry, he's so intelligent you've got to stop and think. I remember one time we were discussing the subject of second- and third-choice receivers on pass plays, and I told him I didn't want him to throw to anyone if the designated receiver was not open. Right away he wanted to know whether that was because I didn't think he was good enough or whether I would apply the same rule to anyone. He always wants to get to the heart of the matter."

At college, Baker lives in the Phi Delt house, one of the large family residences bordering the campus that have been converted into fraternity houses. The Phi Delts have always included prominent athletes in their membership, so it was natural for Baker to join them, but his election to the presidency at the end of his sophomore year was a tribute that may well be remembered around Corvallis long after his football heroics. Baker's scholarship, which was transferred from the basketball to the football budget last year, takes care of the $80 a month that is charged for board and room at the Phi Delt house as well as the $270 tuition charged by the college and some $40 or more a year that he must spend on books. Actually, the board and room allowance for an athletic scholarship at Oregon State is $90 a month, and since Baker doesn't use it all at the Phi Delt house, he gets to keep the difference for spending money.

He sleeps with his fraternity brothers in a large room full of double-decker bunks, but he also has a small corner room on the second floor of the house where he studies and hangs his clothes. He shares this room, which measures about 10 feet by 10 feet, with a classmate and one of the newly pledged freshmen, and it has all the shabby informality of a few hundred thousand other college rooms from Abilene Christian to Youngstown U. Guiding a visitor through the fraternity, Baker displays a kind of paternal fustiness, complaining about trash in the hallways and the fact that the workmen didn't complete their repairs during the summer holidays and the untidiness of the living room. But he also takes great pride in displaying the intramural athletic cups on the piano and the photographs of the fraternity's athletic heroes on the walls of the basement playroom and the small closet where the Phi Delts tidily file away past examination papers to help in the preparation for future ones.

Due largely to the presence of Terry Baker and Don Kasso in the same T-formation backfield, the prospects for a successful season at Oregon State had never been higher during the seven-year tenure of Coach Prothro than they were when the team opened its season on September 23 in Portland against a highly regarded team from Syracuse. It was late in the first quarter, however, before Baker could build up any momentum in the team, and already they were trailing, 7-0.

With the ball 36 yards from the Syracuse goal line, Baker started to throw a pass and found three big Syracuse linemen bearing down on him. He retreated to midfield, executed some nimble footwork and left his three pursuers tangled together in an awkward gaggle. He then zigged and zagged his way back up the field through the remainder of the Syracuse team for Oregon State's only touch-

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down of the afternoon. It was a run that left everyone in the stadium—and particularly the astounded Syracuse coach shaking their heads in disbelief. One had to think back to the days of Albie Booth to recall anything quite like it.

Otherwise, the debut of Baker and his teammates in their new T formation was not auspicious. They fumbled frequently and seemed uncertain in the execution of their new offense, finally losing the game 19-8. The following week was even worse when an underdog Stanford beat them 34-0 in their own stadium at Corvallis. In that game Baker broke loose on one of his amazing runs, going 25 yards up one sideline, skedaddling all the way across the field and then twisting his way 25 yards up the other sideline. But the ball died on the Stanford three-yard line. "We have a lot to learn," Prothro said with a sigh, "but Terry has shown he knows how to play his position."

What it will all lead to is a problem Terry Baker hasn't yet solved. "As I stand now I could have my degree at the end of four years, and I've just about finished all my requirements for medical school," he was saying the other day. "I've thought about going to medical school so I could take up psychiatry. This summer I took a camping trip with one of my old high school coaches who has been doing work in the behavioral sciences, and I found myself getting very interested in that subject.

"On the other hand," he went on, furrowing the broad brow that leads up to his receding blond hairline and gazing intently at the cleatless football shoes he wears around the campus, "I might try professional sport for a while if I'm good enough. I don't think I'd want to do baseball, because you can waste an awful lot of time knocking around the minor leagues, but if I could earn some money quickly playing pro football, that might appeal to me."

Hearing about this, Coach Prothro said in his gentle Memphis accent that is the antithesis of the tough coach's growl: "That reminds me of one time Terry came to dinner at our house with my wife Shirley and me. We eat pretty good at our house but nothing very special. But I remember Terry saying to us, 'Do you always eat like this?' I told him, sure, this is about the way we usually eat, and Terry said, 'Gee, I hope some day I'll be rich enough to eat this way.'" **END**

No weekend for the favorites

In a week of upsets, Syracuse, Georgia Tech, Auburn, North Carolina, Miami, TCU and Cornell, all of whom may have expected more careful treatment from lesser rivals, were sent crashing down. While unbeaten Iowa, Notre Dame and Colorado managed to escape a similar fate, they did so by the barest of margins, and Missouri was hard put to hold California to a tie.

THE SOUTH

"When you get ready for **Syracuse**," **Maryland** Coach Tom Nugent told his team, "you'd better get ready for the toughest day of your lives." Nugent's boys were ready enough. They couldn't quite stop Ernie Davis, who rammed over for two touchdowns, but neither could the Orangemen hold End Gary Collins, who eluded a Syracuse defender to catch Quarterback Dick Novak's pass for the two-point conversion that gave the Terps a 22-21 victory.

Even with Quarterback George Mira nursing badly bruised ribs, **Miami** had no reason to believe that it couldn't handle inexperienced **Navy**. But the aggressive Middies had other ideas. An alert defense snatched two Miami passes and three fumbles and an insistent offense pounded off tackle to take advantage of injuries to the Hurricanes' four best linebackers. Halfback Jim Stewart grabbed a swing pass from Ron Klemick and ran 83 yards for a touchdown, Greg Mather kicked a 36-yard field goal, and Navy won 17-6.

It was back to defense in the SEC as **LSU**'s monster line brought **Georgia Tech** out of the clouds 10-0. In still another upset **Kentucky** held **Auburn** to minus-11 yards rushing and won 14-12 when End Tom Hutchinson caught a six-yard pass from Jerry Woolum. In other games **Ole Miss** coasted past **Florida State** 33-0, and **Alabama**'s Pat Trammell scored 20 points as the Crimson Tide whipped **Vanderbilt** 35-6.

The ACC race was beginning to look better. **Clemson**, smarting from two close losses, stopped **North Carolina**'s passing with a furious line charge and shattered the Tar Heels 27-0, while **Duke** won easily from **Wake Forest** 23-3. In the Southern Conference, **William & Mary** upset **Furman** 19-6 and **West Virginia** beat **Virginia Tech** 28-0 after 18 winless games. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (3-0)
2. ALABAMA (3-0)
3. MARYLAND (3-0)

THE EAST

Penn State, depressed by the loss of Quarterback Galen Hall, was worried—but it shouldn't have been. Coach Rip Engle simply turned loose sophomores Pete Liske and Don Caum against **Boston U.**, and the rest was easy. While the fierce State linemen held the Terriers to 31 yards rushing, Liske and Caum spread their defenses with 12 passes for 178 yards. Fullback Dave Hayes plunged for two touchdowns, Liske ran 33 yards for another and State won 32-0.

Ivy League prophets were badly shaken when **Harvard** suddenly put up a staunch defense to upset **Cornell** 14-0, and **Princeton**'s exciting backs outran hopeful **Columbia** 30-20. However, highly regarded **Yale** survived some anxious moments before it whipped **Brown** 14-3 for its 11th straight.

Villanova, picking up more believers as the weeks go on, beat **Massachusetts** 33-13, **Holy Cross** took **Buffalo** 20-8, and **Rutgers** overcame **Connecticut** 35-12. The top three:

1. PENN STATE (2-1)
2. SYRACUSE (2-1)
3. NAVY (2-1)

THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten was up to its ears in success, but not all of it came easy. **Ohio State** had to go to razzle-dazzle to overcome stubborn **UCLA** 13-3. Sophomore Quarterback Bill Mrukowski pitched passes like a pro (10 for 11), knocking the Bruins off balance, and sophomore Halfbacks Paul Warfield and Matt Snell ran 13 and 33 yards for touchdowns in the last quarter. **Minnesota**, bogged down in its own sluggishness, finally overhauled **Oregon** 14-7. **Michigan** wrapped fumbling **Army** in a tenacious defense, and its swift backs romped to a 38-8 win while **Michigan State** wore down **Stanford** 31-3.

Only **Purdue** fell—and not without a fight. The Boilermakers, who led **Notre Dame** 20-13 at the half, gave ground grudgingly to 240-pound Fullback Jim Snowden in the last 30 minutes, and the Irish scored on Daryle Lamonica's five-yard pass to End Jim Kelly. Notre Dame missed out on the two-point conversion but won 22-20 when Joe Perkowski kicked a 28-yard field goal.

The first showdown was over in the Big Eight. For three quarters **Kansas** played like the team it was supposed to be. Its front

continued

BACK OF THE WEEK. Colorado Quarterback Gale Weidner passed for three late touchdowns to beat Kansas 20-19.

LINEMAN OF WEEK: Maryland End Gary Collins scored winning points, played furious defense, led upset over Syracuse.

THIS WEEK'S LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTS
Pedro, West Texas State	12	0	0	72
Pilot, New Mexico State	7	0	0	42
Wright, Memphis State	7	0	0	42

RUSHING	R	YDS	AVG
Pedro, West Texas State	46	494	10.74
Campbell, Furman	66	404	6.12
Pilot, New Mexico State	63	398	6.32

PASSING	A	C	PCT.	YDS.	TD
Gallegos, San Jose St.	73	42	.575	559	6
Melin, Washington St.	76	38	.500	413	2
Woolum, Kentucky	73	37	.507	406	1

TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.
Wright, Memphis State	155	516	671
Laughlin, Dayton	75	462	537
Gallegos, San Jose State	−49	559	510

TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Texas	214	1,512	504.0
Arizona	174	1,288	429.3
Memphis State	211	1,694	423.5

TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Dartmouth	91	149	74.5
Alabama	142	360	120.0
Minnesota	100	258	129.0

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line outcharged the bigger Colorado forwards, and John Hadl and Curt McClinton passed and ran the Jayhawks to a 19-0 lead. Then Colorado's Gale Weidner took charge. He quickly flipped scoring passes of 58, 47 and 17 yards to Ends Ken Blair and Jerry Hillebrand, and the Buffs won 20-19. However, the Big Eight lost some prestige at Columbia, where Missouri, harassed and outplayed by improved California, was lucky to get a 14-14 tie. The top three:

1. IOWA (2-0)
2. OHIO STATE (1-0-1)
3. MICHIGAN (2-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

TCU's troubles began in Fort Worth, where an airplane ramp collapsed and five players, including Quarterback Sonny Gibbs, tumbled 13 feet to the ground. They ended in Little Rock, where Gibbs limped about on an injured ankle and the Horned Frogs lost to Arkansas 28-3. The Arkansas offense ran traps up the middle all night long as the lighter Porkers cut down their bulkier foes, and Quarterback George McKinney, who kept the Frogs hopping, scored twice on keeper plays. Admitted TCU's Abe Martin: "We just got a good country lickin'."

While Baylor and Rice rested, Texas rolled up 545 yards and trounced Washington State 41-8, and Texas A&M whipped Texas Tech 38-7. Even SMU, winless for almost two years, won. John Richey, a barefoot kicker, booted a 20-yard field goal to beat Air Force 9-7. The top three:

1. TEXAS (3-0)
2. BAYLOR (2-0)
3. ARKANSAS (2-1)

THE WEST

Iowa's usually smart-looking Hawkeyes were suddenly fighting for their lives against aroused USC. Trojan Bill Nelsen fired 71- and five-yard touchdown passes to big Hal Bedsole and Iowa's lead was cut to 35-34 with a minute to go. USC elected to go for two points, but Sammie Harris batted down Nelsen's pass to save the victory.

Rumored to have "plenty of players in the deep freeze," Washington's Jim Owens thawed one out last Saturday. Transfer Quarterback Pete Ohler completed six of 11 passes for 188 yards and two touchdowns to beat Pitt 22-17. Terry Baker and Oregon State finally won one, against Idaho 44-6.

"Sneaky" was the kindest epithet Utah State coaches had for Wyoming's Bob Devaney, who announced early in the week that injured Quarterback Chuck Lamson would be ready to go. So Utah State drilled all week for Lamson, who didn't even suit up, and the Skyline co-champions tied 6-6. The top three:

1. WASHINGTON (2-1)
2. WYOMING (2-0-2)
3. UTAH (3-1)

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Penn State over Army. Coming off a battering by Michigan, Army may have the stomach but hardly the talent to handle another bruising opponent.

Alabama over North Carolina State. After Roman Gabriel's passing, what then? Alabama has a sounder defense to go with Quarterback Pat Trammell's versatility.

Georgia Tech over Duke. Both teams throw the ball, but Tech, despite its defeat by LSU, will win with more rugged defense.

Maryland over North Carolina. The Terps are on the way back. Imaginative Coach Tom Nugent may even have another new formation ready for the Tar Heels.

Colorado over Miami.* Injuries have hurt the Hurricanes, who will need all their available manpower to stop Gale Weidner and the big, capable Colorado line.

Michigan over Michigan State. The swifter Wolverine backs, running behind that 224-pound line, will lead the more methodical Spartans a merry chase.

Notre Dame over USC. There is a suspicion that the Trojans played over their heads against Iowa. Notre Dame isn't likely to yield as much on defense.

Baylor over Arkansas. The Southwest Conference title may be decided right here. Baylor's Ronnie Bull and a bigger line will make the difference.

Rice over Florida. The Owls have had time to strengthen their weak spots. Florida will give them trouble but not quite enough to win.

Texas over Oklahoma. Bud Wilkinson's Sooners need more maturing before they can hope to hogtie all those speedy Longhorns.

Other games

CLEMSON OVER WAKE FOREST
COLUMBIA OVER YALE
KANSAS OVER IOWA STATE
KENTUCKY OVER KANSAS STATE
NORTHWESTERN OVER MINNESOTA
OREGON OVER ARIZONA
OREGON STATE OVER WISCONSIN
SYRACUSE OVER NEBRASKA
UCLA OVER VANDERBILT
WASHINGTON OVER CALIFORNIA

**Friday night game*

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
11 RIGHT, 6 WRONG, 1 TIE
SEASON'S RECORD: 38-17-5

NEW FACES: Northwestern sophomore Bill Swingle (left) scored twice in rout of Illinois, now has 30 points in two games; Wingback Jim Rockenbach scored two touchdowns, passed for a third to lead Princeton past Columbia.

NEW KODAK ZOOM 8 REFLEX CAMERA

Now! Push a button to zoom your movies!

Now you can add new drama and new pace to your movies. For now you can *zoom*—the way the experts do—just by pushing a button on the Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera! And without taking a single step!

This remarkable 8mm camera has a *reflex* viewfinder, so you see your picture zoom—right in the viewfinder—exactly as the lens sees it.

Instantaneous action

One moment you're shooting a gondola that seems halfway across the Grand Canal. Next moment, you've zoomed in close enough to step aboard! The action is smooth, instantaneous. The same button that operates the camera also zooms the lens. Or you can zoom *manually*.

The electric eye of the Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera sets the exposure for you *automatically*. And when there's not enough light to make good movies, the camera tells you so. For special effects or unusual light conditions, you can lock the electric eye at any indicated exposure.

Here are other outstanding features: An automatic-reset footage indicator tells you exactly how much film is left. You take 15 feet of film at one winding—well over a minute of shooting. Extremely easy loading, too.

An outstanding value

You really should see this superb camera firsthand. Hold it. Zoom it automatically, zoom it manually. See the electric eye. See all the advances and refinements that make the Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex such an extraordinarily fine movie camera. It's priced at less than $200, or as little as $20 down at most dealers'. See your dealer for exact retail price.

This is what you see as you zoom. This is what you'll see on your screen. Because you actually view through the lens!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

ENJOY WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR" SUNDAY EVENINGS, NBC-TV

1962 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL SEDAN IN PRESIDENTIAL BLACK

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Product of Ford Motor Company Lincoln-Mercury Division

ANNOUNCING THE CAR THAT CANNOT BE OUTDATED BY THE CALENDAR

You will have to look closely to tell the difference between the new Lincoln Continental and its predecessor. The changes are really refinements and there are more than 38 in all, each with a purpose.

Outside, a keen eye will discover the chaste new look of the grille. You may also see that the headlights are one inch higher for a better view of the road at night.

Inside, there are further refinements. The steering wheel, for example, is ¾ of an inch higher for more comfort. And beneath the hood are more refinements such as a new self-sealing dipstick to prevent dust particles from contaminating the crankcase lubricant.

The fact is that the Lincoln Continental was deliberately designed to be the first American car that cannot be outdated by the calendar. Its character remains the same—distinguished, durable, beautiful.

The extra distinctions are there, too. Notice the four doors which open at the center for easy entrance and counter-balanced to open at a touch, for all their reassuring thickness.

*These are but a few of the qualities that make the Lincoln Continental an American classic in its style, its workmanship, its timelessness. It is your finest investment in tomorrow; in fact, it is warranted for twice as long as any other American car (24,000 miles or two full years).**

*Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers and its dealers in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, free replacement including related labor, will be made by dealers, of any part with a defect in workmanship or materials. Tires are not covered by the warranty; appropriate adjustments will be made by tire companies. Owners will remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.

"tenderized" leather...the secret of Bostonian Light-Brigade Brogues

Bostonian has a special way of "tenderizing" leather. Result: Light-Brigade brogues. More flexible than brogues have ever been.

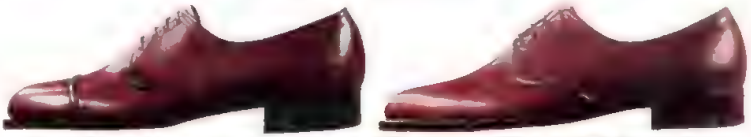
Bostonian softens outersoles in a special seasoning preparation. (Makes them storm-resistant, too.) These soles are rolled and re-rolled until so supple you can flex one around your finger.

Bostonian uses only the youngest calf leather available for the upper of the shoe. This supple leather is folded and kneaded until it drapes like cloth.

Result: As soon as you slip into a pair of Light-Brigades you enjoy a new freedom feeling. Best of all they shrug off winter weather with the same ruggedness as old-style bulky brogues.

To give you this light-footed feeling, there's no substitute for the care and patience of a Bostonian craftsman's hands. Why not start enjoying the quality and comfort of Bostonians today?

BOSTONIAN LIGHT-BRIGADES



Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Europe's horse of the year

A superb race pointed up the fact that France, esthetically and economically, is a horse owner's paradise

All last week, while the unpredictable Paris weather varied from balmy sunshine to sudden heavy showers, French racegoers had but one concern: by how much would their 3-year-old champion, Right Royal, beat the Italian invader Molvedo in Sunday's 40th running of the mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe?

This, in the minds of Europeans, was the race of the year, and the winner could surely lay claim to being the best horse in the world, notwithstanding the reports of a supposedly wondrous American animal named Kelso that drifted about turf circles (but never got into the press) in London, Paris, Ireland and Rome. Too bad, said the French Jockey Club, that America had not sent over a representative for this truly international classic. And too bad, too, they chuckled with glee, that England had sent over a secondary team of runners. Nor were the Russians on the scene. "When the Russians figure they can win the Arc they'll invite themselves," said one French official.

On paper the race figured to be between Right Royal, winner of the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, and the Italian horse, Molvedo, a son of the famous Ribot (himself twice the winner of the Arc). Molvedo had won the Grand Prix du Centenaire de Deauville and was the fastest-improving horse on the Continent.

The Longchamp course in Paris' beautiful Bois de Boulogne is not a place where a second-rate horse is likely to win from the best 3-year-old (and older) horses in Europe. As the race is run in a clockwise direction, the field must go uphill for the first half mile, downhill for

THE ITALIAN HORSE, MOLVEDO, SON OF ILLUSTRIOUS RIBOT, PARADES PAST FINISH LINE BEFORE 40TH RUNNING OF ARC DE TRIOMPHE

the second half mile and finally along a three-eighths of a mile straight to the finish. Perhaps not so demanding a course as Ascot (where the rise is steeper), Longchamp is nonetheless a tremendous test of pure stamina—and for this reason the winner of the Arc is judged a truly desirable animal for the stud.

When the rains hit the course last week, making the going deep and soft, Right Royal's prospects dimmed, and his owner, Mme. Jean Couturié, knew that victory would not be an easy matter. In Molvedo's camp, on the other hand, there was supreme confidence that Ribot's son could handle any sort of track. On the morning of the race Owner Egidio Verga, Racing Manager Dr. Antonio Arcari and Trainer Arturo Maggi looked over the soft turf and concluded that to win Molvedo must get a good position almost immediately from the break instead of waiting until late in the race to make his move.

Mme. Couturie's strategy was public knowledge. Her other starter, Le Tahitien, was to take the lead, hold it for as long as he could, and then Right Royal, who would be laying not too far back among the 19 starters, would swoosh to the front as the field hit the straight.

Le Tahitien flew away as commanded, but before he had gone a sixteenth of a mile he was overtaken by England's High Hat, owned by Sir Winston Churchill. Up the long hill they ran as some 40,000 fans (including thousands of Italians who dumped more than $200,000 into the machines on Molvedo at the last moment) strained to see what was going on behind the abbreviated forest that blanks out all of the course for a few suspenseful moments. As they emerged High Hat was in the lead, but right behind him was Molvedo under the European Johnny Longden, 50-year-old Enrico Camici. Close up were Match, Misti and Right Royal. These five had the race to themselves.

Down the hill into the right-hand turn (which caused so much concern to Eddie Arcaro when he rode Career Boy in this race five years ago) High Hat still led, and one Frenchman murmured angrily: "He is going to steal it!" But near the bottom of the hill Camici made his move with Molvedo, Rogert Poincelet made his with Right Royal—and the race of the year, for these frenzied fans, was on. Molvedo shot to a lead of two lengths. Behind him, as close as a knee-to-knee

MORE AND MORE AMERICAN OWNERS ARE FLYING THOROUGHBREDS TO FRANCE

international jumping team, were Misti on the inside, Right Royal in the middle and Match on the outside. High Hat was a close fifth. Suddenly Match started bearing in. There was no question that he bothered Right Royal slightly, and possibly Misti, too. Right Royal shook himself loose and went after Molvedo. But the Italian held his ground, and Right Royal never gained an inch in the last sixteenth. Molvedo was a two-length winner, while Right Royal beat Misti by half a length for second place. High Hat was a short neck behind Misti, and Match was another two-and-a-half lengths behind in fifth.

The Italians at Longchamp screamed, yelled, hugged one another, scowled at the French, laughed at the English and said to the Americans, "We have the best horse in the world." The results of the Arc seem to establish, without much doubt, that Molvedo is the best horse in Europe. Will he now come to Laurel to meet Kelso in the Washington D.C. International on November 11? Unfortunately, his appearance in the States is doubtful. He is a bad shipper and even has trouble getting into a van, much less an airplane. Too, Signor Verga knows—as do all European owners now—that foreign horses do not fare well at Laurel unless they use American shoes with toes—shoes which are barred in France because they destroy the sacred turf and because European trainers feel that calked or toed shoes tend to cause injury to a horse's leg. The Molvedo camp is reluctant to switch to U.S. shoes.

Decisions about Molvedo, however, may soon rest in other hands. His owner, a pleasant-faced middle-aged man

who seems quite unaccustomed to being in the limelight, would be glad to sell Molvedo right now without risking his reputation in another race. And this week in Paris there is at least one agent bidding for him on behalf of Texas Oilman Nelson Bunker Hunt. Best guess on the bid: at least $1 million.

If you ask me, Kelso is still the best horse in the world, but it would be awfully nice to have Molvedo come to Laurel next month to try to prove me wrong.

Don't tell the U.S.

It was a shame that America had no representative in the Arc de Triomphe. It would have made this fine race more truly international in scope, and it would have given more U.S. owners an understanding of French racing—and perhaps a deeper appreciation of its fine qualities. For racing in France is so thoroughly delightful that one American living in Paris—an avid *turfiste*—said last week over a glass of Dom Perignon at Maisons-Laffitte track outside Paris: "For God's sake, don't tell the Americans what racing is like over here. First thing you know they'll all want to come over, and surer than hell they'd somehow figure out how to louse it up in no time at all."

The truth of the matter is that more and more Americans are going to France to race. But so far, instead of attempting to "louse it up," they have enjoyed the happy experience of discovering that France is the only place in the world where a racing stable has a reasonable chance to break even. One trainer goes so far as to say, "You have to be unlucky not to break even in France."

This economic enchantment is based on a fairly simple equation. Though purses in France are lower than in the U.S., the expense of training a horse is *much* lower. Whereas the total cost of training horses in the U.S. is almost twice as much as the total purses offered, the cost of training horses in France just about equals the total purses. With average horses and average luck an owner in the U.S. will lose more than $2,000 per horse per year. In France he may even make a few francs.

No wonder then that Americans with an eye to their pocketbooks are looking to France, and the more they see of it the more they like it. François de Brignac, racing manager for the once-supreme and still formidable stable of Marcel Boussac, explained this. "I'll tell

(continued)

"Eventually, why not now?"

Many years ago General Mills originated this great slogan for its Gold Medal Flour. We admire it so highly that we are "borrowing" it, (with permission, our lawyers insist), because it so perfectly states the case for bourbon.

The case is this: a clear and growing trend to Kentucky straight bourbon is sweeping the country. We have always said that *eventually* everyone will discover that bourbon "tastes better." So, we say, *"why not now?"*

Kentucky bourbon has a taste as simple and pleasing as the natural grains of its origin. At its modern 86 proof it is as mild as most domestic or imported whiskies. It is so smooth and honest in character that many people don't want to change its taste with mixers. They drink their bourbon with pure water—or "branch."

Of the many wonderful, light, mild bourbons of Kentucky, more people prefer Old Crow to any of the others. This is quite a recommendation when you think of it. But then, great men of America's past—HENRY CLAY for instance—have testified to Old Crow's greatness since the year 1835. It was and is the ideal of what a straight Kentucky bourbon should be.

Light-Mild-86 Proof
OLD CROW
Kentucky Bourbon

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF

LONGINES
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Longines and Sports Timing

The [illegible] Series is now [illegible] years. For [illegible] years it has recalled American and National League Umpires [illegible] special Longines watches [illegible] to time the seconds in [illegible] championship playoff. And like [illegible] sports [illegible] personal watches are Longines as well.

Sports timing is more than just another public relations activity for Longines. It is a demonstration of reliability under difficult conditions. Those who use Longines watches for professional purposes are among our [illegible] customers. They know that with a Longines "you get the time" regardless of the stress and strain on the playing field. Every Longines watch, regardless of type, must be the finest of its kind.

THE LONGINES NOBEL

Longines "Grand Prize" Nobel Automatic. Worthy of its name is this magnificent self-winding watch. 14K gold waterproof case; dial has applied 18K gold hour markers, $195.*

*Waterproof [illegible] and [illegible]

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28 Gold Medals
10 World's Fair Grand Prizes
Highest Observatory Honors For Accuracy
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you what is appealing about racing here in Paris," he said the other afternoon. "If you like to have your lunch at home, drive no more than 20 minutes to the track, watch just seven good races a day and be home by 5:30 for a cup of tea or a whisky, then Paris is the place to go racing. For those of us who love it, it is as simple as that."

M. Brignac is not alone in his point of view. It is shared by Americans like Mrs. P. A. B. Widener and others not so well known in the international racing set.

Some of these people are operating on an increasing scale, with the result that there are more than 100 horses belonging to Americans already in Paris. Mrs. Widener has seven 2-year-olds and two older horses with Trainer Etienne Pollet, and has just turned over to him eight yearlings, five imported from the U.S. and three others bred by her in France. Mrs. Widener, a widow of a first cousin of George D. Widener and a daughter-in-law of the late Joseph E. Widener, who raced so successfully in France before World War II, has had the sort of success that can be compared only to the amazing victories of Sir Victor Sassoon's stable in England. After having raced with no particular distinction in America for years, Mrs. Widener moved to Paris five years ago and since then has seen no fewer than three of her 2-year-olds—Neptune, Dan Cupid and Prudent—win classic races. This Sunday Prudent, a handsome American-bred chestnut colt by My Babu, will be a heavy favorite in the Grand Critérium (a sort of counterpart to our Garden State stakes), and should he win will be able to lay claim to being the best 2-year-old classic winner in Europe.

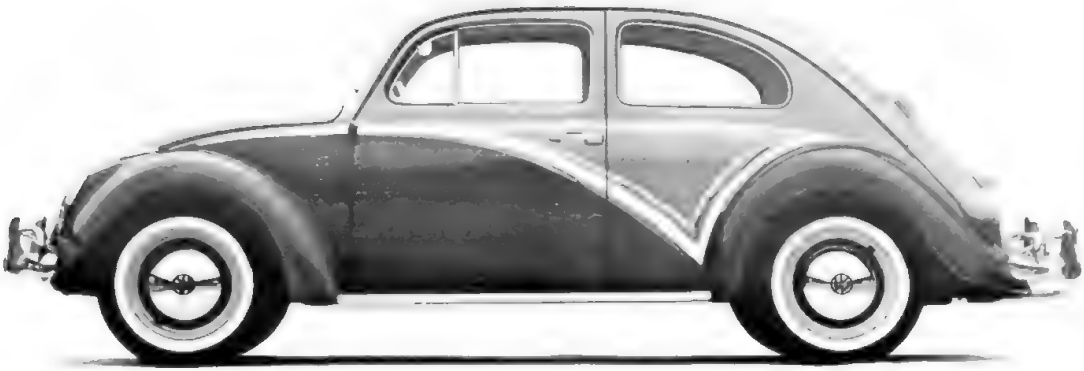
Not all Americans are racing in Paris with the same flourish as Mrs. Widener, or the Howell Jacksons, whose Never Too Late has also been a classic winner. Some are building up racing stables of good size (like Eddie Constantine, a Los Angeles-born film producer and actor who has lived in France for 14 years, has been racing for six and who already owns 15 horses and is building a farm near Deauville), but others are going it alone. Donald B. Barrows, who gets to Europe two or three times a year, has just one horse, a jumper for whom he paid $3,000 five years ago and then turned over to Trainer Jack Cunnington, an English-born, third-generation horseman, who has lived and trained at the same yard in Chantilly for 41 years. Cunnington, who trains 40 of his 80 horses for American owners, charges Barrows $5 a day for his jumper and only $2 a day when the horse is not in training. This year the horse, in five starts, has won three times and been second twice and has made about $9,000. He was good enough to go in the $50,000 Grand Steeplechase de Paris, where after running one-two with the winner he finally finished fifth. Owner Barrows said later, "I'm still probably $1,500 ahead, I've had a hell of a lot of fun and I had a good run at $50,000."

Les sociétés

French racing is organized and controlled by a nonprofit federation to which all 400 tracks (yes, 400, but many are in the provinces and may run only one day per year) are subscribers. Three parent organizations run racing within this huge federation: the Société du Cheval Français for trotters (last year: 4,600 races), the Société des Steeple-chases de France for jumpers (last year: 1,300 races) and, for the flat runners, the most imposing title of all—the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Amélioration des Races de Chevaux en France (last year: 2,800 races). All tracks for all types of horses are nonprofit, are run solely for the benefit of racing and controlled by the departments of finance and of agriculture.

The Société d'Encouragement is made up of from 32 to 36 members, of which 17 must belong to the Jockey Club, a strictly social group with no power or authority whatsoever over the conduct of the sport. The other members (their number varies from 12 to 16) do not belong to the Jockey Club. The whole outfit is headed by Marcel Boussac as chairman of the board and his right arm, Jean Romanet, as director general.

In short, what they do is everything that our own Jockey Club and individual state racing commissions do. They set the rules of racing and apply them. They name and appoint all racing officials and publish a condition book a year in advance—enabling horsemen to train for a specific race (not just a stakes race) with the assurance that the race will be run even if it is a walkover. Furthermore, they take on the burdensome chore of handling all bookkeeping for every owner, trainer, jockey and individual racing association in France. For example, the Société charges each owner



Never.

We'd no sooner make an over-chromed, two-toned Volkswagen than we'd change the classic beetle shape.

It's not that the chromed version looks so bad. It just doesn't make the car work any better.

That's the rule of thumb we go by: we change the VW only to improve it, not to make last year's model look obsolete.

In 1961, for example, we were able to get more horsepower from our air-cooled engine without making it any bigger or less economical.

(One thing did get bigger this year: the tail lights.)

Everything on the VW happens for a reason; nothing is for show.

We don't even have a chrome piece that spells out our name.

We do have a little round emblem with our initials on it, though.

After all, we can't let 600,000 Americans go riding around in unidentified cars.

$16 per horse every six months for the privilege of using the training grounds at Chantilly. And, with a view to safeguarding the precious turf at Chantilly, it also bills him $1 every time he gallops his horse on the grass track (which isn't usually more than once per week).

On the whole, the government of France has seen to it that French racing is sensibly organized and managed and that it receives every possible benefit for continuing growth and prosperity. When the government legalized off-track betting in 1931, racing's financial strength was guaranteed. This year two-fifths of a billion dollars will be bet on races in France. Only a third of that will go through the track's pari-mutuel machines. The other two-thirds comes from off-track betting. Half of that is poured in on Sundays and holidays when the French punters storm 1,500 betting centers throughout the country to engage in a sort of forecast wagering system known as the *tierce*, in which the winners must pick the first three finishers of a specified race (such as last Sunday's Arc) in the exact finishing order. The minimum bet is only 40¢. A good part of the 15½% tax that the government imposes on off-track betting is poured back into the sport.

Lovely Chantilly

The French owner—as well as the French trainer and the French jockey—thinks he has the greatest racing set-up in the world, and he may be right. Certainly one of the finest sporting sights to be seen anywhere is at Chantilly, which, along with Maisons-Laffitte, is the headquarters for all training around the Paris area. At Chantilly the famous trainers of France have their yards, and there on 4,000 superbly kept acres, some 1,500 horses are trained. (At Maisons-Laffitte there are 2,500 horses, but less acreage.) The $300,000-per-year operation serves 2,000 Chantilly horsemen and operates with a staff of 120 employees, including eight old women whose only job in life is to wander all day around the training grounds picking stones out of the gallops. For the horseman, Chantilly is the showplace. With its thick forest of oaks and beeches, its miles of shaded gallops and other miles of flat green turf it is breathtakingly beautiful. Where the nobility of France once rode to the hunt from the majestic chateau of Louis Henri de Bourbon, the stag is still the magnificent prey, and as race horses canter leisurely over any of the 70 secondary gallops in this incredible retreat they are neither startled nor upset when a running deer crosses but a few yards away.

I spent a day in Chantilly that I will never forget. The drive of 25 miles from Paris was made along the Route Nationale with Albert Neuhut, better known in France and elsewhere as Godolphin Darley, a 49-year-old writer, handicapper, breeding theorist, sales agent and general promoter. After passing the stables of the Aga Khan, Mrs. Ralph Beaver Strassburger (widow of one of the most successful postwar American owners in France) and others, we stopped at Jack Cunnington's yard where Jack and his son, between them, have about 180 horses in training. These include yearlings being broken, for in France there are no individual training tracks at stud farms. Each fall yearlings are sent to the stable trainer to be broken and join older horses in training.

The Cunningtons, father and son, send their horses out in sets of about 50 at a time, and soon we were in the middle of the forest, meeting with other trainers, as the horses came galloping along the Route des Lions, a two-and-a-half-mile straightaway of natural sand. Inasmuch as my previous impression of French racing was that all the competition, as well as the training, was done on grass, it came as somewhat of a surprise to learn that at Chantilly (as well as at Maisons-Laffitte), horses train five days a week on the sand and but once a week on turf.

"It is done this way mainly to protect the turf," explained Jean de Chevigny, the director of the training center.

"Ah, it may be to protect the turf," added Cunnington Sr., "but in France we like our horses to have variety in their training the same way that our tracks offer variety in their programs. Horses here get a variety every day: a different gallop every morning to keep them sharp and alert."

Later in the morning other trainers gathered with different sets, and one old-timer, looking at me as though I personally were to blame, growled, "I've been to America once or twice to see how things are done there, and I've decided that most American horses live in a concentration camp. They are out of their box stalls for barely one hour a day, they race around the same track day after day against the clock, then they enter competition far too often, and, as a result, they break down far too often."

Another veteran interrupted. "The training may beat the American horses into premature retirement, but what beats the English horses is the continual shipping. In Paris racing our tracks are close together, and the shipping is inconsequential. But, my God, in England, over those roads it's terrible. A 2-year-old spends his summer shipping from Chester to York to Sandown to Goodwood, and he isn't in shape to beat me by October! Figure that when an English horse wins a race it's the equal to running in four of them."

Godolphin Darley, as proud as any Frenchman that the French runners have taken the play away from the English in many recent European classics, noted that the French are doing better and better going abroad, while English failures on the Continent have resulted in their coming over less and less. "Race for race," he says emphatically, "I think our horses are four pounds better than the English."

Be that as it may, there is obviously much to be said for racing everywhere, whether it be at Melbourne, Buenos Aires, Caracas, Longchamp, Ascot, Toronto or Aqueduct. If Americans think they have the best and fastest horses, let them be reminded that one of the reasons is that we have sucked the best blood out of Europe for many years—and for preposterous prices. Our reciprocal contributions are so far not noted for their blazing success. In France, Whirlaway was a failure at stud, and Coaltown hasn't been a world-beater. Iron Liege is now standing at Boussac's stud, but his first crop is still in the yearling stage.

Come on over

It seems reasonable to assume that in time there will be even more Thoroughbred traffic to France from the U.S. Hopefully, some of it will go in the Arcs of future years, and some will strengthen French bloodlines further with successful American strains. The director general of the Société d'Encouragement, speaking for Chairman Boussac, covered it all when he remarked at the end of the long and hectic week, "Of course we are interested in having American owners come over to race in our Arc. But we are more interested in American owners who come over and want to stay."

The Société d'Encouragement is going to get its wish. Soon, too. **END**

"HOW I GAINED TIME TO THINK BIG"

Idea from INA can set you free of mundane tasks

"No longer plagued by trivia," reports this insurance man, "I now devote my leisure to thinking—a luxury I've earned by my success in selling Insurance Company of North America Package Policies.

"Although I wouldn't confess it to my admiring mate, there's little 'selling' required. With the INA Homeowners Package, for example, I simply explain to my prospect that this single policy, by combining virtually every kind of home protection in one piece of paper, can save him a great deal of money if he is now carrying several separate policies.

"If you're in insurance, sell INA Packages and know sweet success, plus new respect at home. If you're not, buy an INA Package for your home, health, car or life. Your wife will love you for it . . . perhaps enough to rake up all the leaves for you."

INA

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World Headquarters: Philadelphia

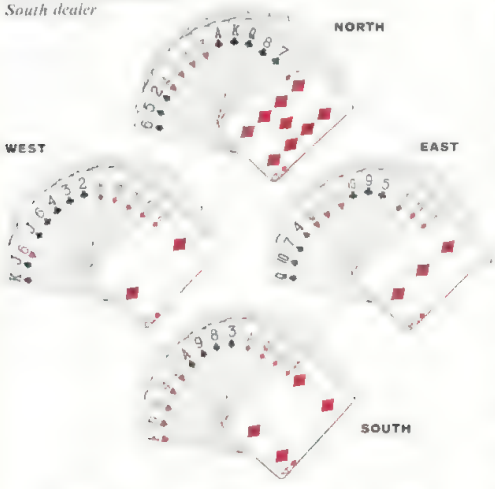
CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

New look in L.A.

Los Angeles will present a slightly revised lineup when it defends the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy and the title of Bridge Capital of the U.S. against Houston in that city Nov. 23 and 24. Ira Rubin, having returned to the east, is no longer eligible. Meyer Schleifer, with commitments which may prevent him from coming to Houston in time, has been named an alternate, along with Mike Shuman. From L.A.'s rich supply of fine players Nonplaying Captain Kelsey Petterson has added Marshall Miles and Erik Paulsen to his six repeaters: Oliver Adams, Ivan Erdos, Harold Guiver, Eddie Kantar, Lew Mathe and Morris Portugal.

No one can fault Petterson for sticking with a winning lineup, but the Los Angeles area is deep in talented reserves, including some of the country's leading women of bridge. One of these is Stella Rebner, who learned the game in Vienna.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (*Mrs. Rebner*)	WEST	NORTH (*W. Hanna*)	EAST
1♥	PASS	2♣	PASS
2♦	PASS	3♥	PASS
3♣	PASS	4♣	PASS
4♥	PASS	5♥	PASS
6♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 6 of hearts

In a recent Los Angeles tournament Mrs. Rebner and her partner, Bill Hanna (a member of L.A.'s first intercity squad), were not the only pair to bid the slam but were the only ones to make it. After the contest, when the North and South hands were shown to leading Coast experts, not one of them —tackling the hand as a problem—perceived the play that Mrs. Rebner had figured out under the more trying conditions of actual play at the table.

Most players won the trump lead with the king, crossed to dummy's ace, and were disappointed when the outstanding trumps failed to drop. They then discarded the three losing spades on the top clubs and reached the moment of decision. Some played for an even division of the clubs, planning to ruff two diamonds in dummy and discard one on the established fifth club—letting East make his high trump whenever he chose to take it. Others took the mathematically superior 50-50 chance of winning a diamond finesse. But neither play worked and both lost a diamond trick as well as a high trump.

Declarer's winning play was to enlist time on her side just in case the distribution was unfavorable. She won the first trick with her king of hearts and cashed the ace of spades *before* leading a heart to dummy's ace. If trumps had divided, she would have been in the same position as the less thoughtful declarers. When they didn't break, only she was able to make the contract.

The three low spades were discarded on the top clubs and a spade was ruffed. Next the diamond ace was cashed, followed by a crossruff of two diamonds in dummy and another spade to her hand. Finally, at the 12th trick, a club was led from dummy and East was couped *en passant*. If he trumped with the high heart, South would discard her losing diamond and win the last trick with the 9 of trumps. If East discarded his spade instead, declarer would use the 9 of hearts to win the 12th trick. Either way, her slam was sure to come home.

EXTRA TRICK

North and South got to their slam on good bidding that did not use a single convention, not even the comparatively simple but overworked Blackwood ace-checker. South was properly conservative when North's club rebid seemed to indicate too much duplication of values. But North correctly estimated that his singleton diamond was worth one more try and South gladly accepted the slam invitation. END

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THE SHOTGUN

continued from page 37

an outstanding tailback in UCLA's single-wing offense but was mildly regarded by most pro scouts because of his wobbly passes and his lack of experience with the T.

Kilmer is not fast and he is not a smooth ball handler. His teammates sometimes shudder when they see this gutty 190-pounder hurl himself into melees with 280-pounders, and they respect the way he bolts through an opening with no thought for personal safety. While his passes are still wobbly, he can fool the defense when he unloads a big one and he already has one 60-yard touchdown pass this year.

Hickey had three other quarterbacks besides Rookie Kilmer at training camp in Redwood City this summer. Foremost among them was 34-year-old Y. A. Tittle, who is almost completely bald after spending 11 years under an NFL football helmet—10 of them with the 49ers—but still is one of the supreme passing quarterbacks. Another was John Brodie, a handsome, cocky product of Stanford who was just shaping up as Tittle's replacement last year. And the third was Waters, who was spotted by 49er scouts at South Carolina's little Presbyterian College, where he was president of the student body and an honor student.

Of these, only Tittle failed to fit into the specifications for a shotgun quarterback, for his aging legs just won't permit him to run effectively. So the 49ers traded him to the Giants.

To help his quarterbacks, Hickey concentrated on speed at the end and halfback positions, since the shotgun has no use for straightaway power. Abe Woodson, a champion hurdler and sprinter at Illinois and one of the best defensive backs in the league, was switched to offense, and Hickey traded off power runners Joe Perry and J. W. Lockett.

The success of Hickey's planning was attested by Detroit's Wilson, who summed up the 49ers and their shotgun this way: "I don't think there are any other teams in the NFL that could use that style of offense. We couldn't because our quarterbacks can't run that well. San Francisco also has a lot of speed at the halfbacks and the quarterbacks can spot receivers much faster, because they're standing still when they get the ball.

"But I don't think it will work forever for the 49ers," Wilson concluded. "The drawback? Well, the day will probably come along when they get to a wet field. If the footing isn't there for those halfbacks, or the ball is too wet to throw, they'll be in trouble."

Red Hickey has already thought of that. He still figures to spend anywhere from a quarter to half of any game moving out of the conventional T. The shotgun is for the moment when he needs a big explosion. **END**

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass	Pass Comp
CHARGERS VS PATRIOTS	38 27	84 195	315 114	12 25 16 [illegible]
BILLS VS. OILERS	22 12	206 48	176 146	10 26 10 27
TEXANS VS BRONCOS	19 12	191 57	44 227	5 17 16 27
TITANS RAIDERS	NOT SCHEDULED			

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
NEW YORK	3	1	0	.750
BUFFALO	2	3	0	.400
BOSTON	2	3	0	.400
HOUSTON	1	3	0	.250

WESTERN DIVISION

SAN DIEGO	5	0	0	1.000
DALLAS	3	1	0	.750
OAKLAND	1	3	0	.250
DENVER	1	4	0	.200

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass	Pass Comp
PACKERS VS COLTS	45 7	[illegible] 153	15 147	13 [illegible] 12 29
EAGLES VS STEELERS	21 16	124 111	103 140	11 22 19 29
BROWNS VS REDSKINS	31 7	91 44	244 201	17 [illegible] 15 29
BEARS VS LIONS	31 17	173 165	281 174	13 25 11 30
GIANTS VS CARDINALS	24 9	71 28	153 132	16 34 6-21
COWBOYS VS VIKINGS	28 0	117 83	180 80	14 27 12 26
49ERS VS RAMS	35 0	154 83	262 83	20 26 11 23

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
CLEVELAND	3	1	0	.750
PHILADELPHIA	3	1	0	.750
DALLAS	3	1	0	.750
NEW YORK	3	1	0	.750
ST. LOUIS	2	2	0	.500
PITTSBURGH	0	4	0	.000
WASHINGTON	0	4	0	.000

WESTERN CONFERENCE

GREEN BAY	3	1	0	.750
SAN FRANCISCO	3	1	0	.750
DETROIT	2	2	0	.500
BALTIMORE	2	2	0	.500
CHICAGO	2	2	0	.500
MINNESOTA	1	3	0	.250
LOS ANGELES	1	3	0	.250

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HOW TO SHOOT A BIG RED MOOSE

An American hunter in Russia discovered that moose are so common in some areas that they are considered pests. With the help of beaters, a jeep, a stiff hooker of vodka and 'portyanki,' he managed to shoot two big bulls

by CHARLES W. THAYER

We had finished a large and sumptuous dinner beginning with caviar and vodka and ending with steaks and wine. Before us, as we lounged in comfortable leather armchairs, a fire was blazing in an open hearth. You might have supposed that we were sitting in some exclusive London club discussing the latest racing horses. Actually, we were in a Soviet hunting lodge in northern Russia, and our conversation concerned not horses but moose.

My companions were Andrei Shapatin, Senior Hunting Inspector of the U.S.S.R., a tall, friendly but shy man, and Aleksandr Malinovsky, head of the Soviet Hunting Administration, an affable, stocky, red-faced Russian who had spent some years in Berlin as a member of the Soviet occupation forces, specializing in game and forest preservation.

We had motored up to the Pereslavl Timber and Hunting Domain, four hours' journey from Moscow, the afternoon before, and had spent the day hunting snowshoe hares — with little success. I had passed most of the day circling a large wooded area. The nearest I got to a hare was on my second time around when I found hare tracks superimposed on the footprints I had made the first time round. We never discovered how close behind me he had been.

The following day, however, we planned to go moose shooting, and my hosts seemed supremely confident that we would be successful. To an American or Canadian hunter, accustomed to tramping for days through the wilderness in search of moose, such optimism might have seemed a little

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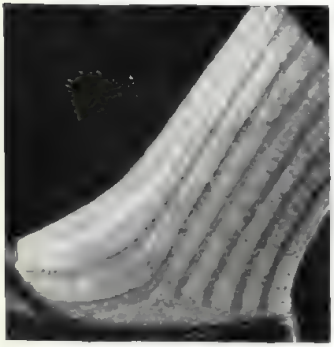

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naive, unless Russian moose were a different breed from the American. But, in the opinion of Soviet zoologists, the Russian moose (*Alces alces*) differs physically from the American moose (*Alces americana*) only in minor respects. The Russian moose stands more than 7 feet, has antlers slightly smaller than the American variety and weighs slightly more—about 1,200 pounds. His coat is usually a darker, glossier brown than the American, and the lower parts of his legs are pure white.

There appears, however, to be an important difference in personality, if not in physique. American experts claim that the American moose is so shy that he has been driven from most of his former habitats in the U.S. not only by hunters or poachers but by the mere presence of man. The Russian moose, on the other hand, seems much more sociable. He is often seen in the suburbs of Moscow, and last summer while I was lunching with the mayor of Leningrad at a government villa in the heart of the city on the banks of the Neva, three moose calves swam ashore from the river and invaded the garden.

A hundred years ago the moose was almost extinct in European Russia. "They were shot off to provide pants for Catherine the Great's guardsmen," a Russian conservationist told me. "But Soviet guardsmen don't wear moosehide pants, and today there are over 15,000 in Moscow *oblast* [province] alone."

Strict protective measures instituted before the revolution and re-established by Lenin just after the revolution have not only saved the moose from extinction but have made them virtual pests in some forest areas. The Pereslavl Domain, for example, has between 500 and 600 head of moose, and they are doing such damage to the timber that forestry officials were insisting that 100 of them be shot off this year alone. However, hunting officials considered this far too drastic and planned to shoot only 40 or 50. Poachers, bears and wolves, they estimate, would destroy another 20 or 25.

Aleksandr Malinovsky, one of my hosts, is himself a trained forester. After what he learned during occupation service in central Europe, he is convinced that good forestry and good hunting can and should coexist. To prove it, he has established 12 model timber and hunting domains throughout the U.S.S.R. where scientific forestry and wildlife conservation methods are being put into practice.

The Pereslavl Domain, one of the 12, has an area of over 100,000 acres. During the Russian Civil War, when Moscow had no fuel, it was ruthlessly cut over. Again during the siege of Moscow in 1941 it was severely timbered. With proper management, Malinovsky hopes it will once more be the great pine and birch forest it was before the Russian Revolution. His newly recruited staff of

continued

Russian jeep and a truckload of beaters slog through the forest

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foresters are cutting a regular grid of firebreaks and logging roads through the second growth. He has also recruited a force of 30 gamekeepers, whom he is training in standard European hunting and conservation practices. Already they have all but eliminated wolves from the domain and, as a result, the number of moose calved that reach maturity is visibly greater than ever before.

Malinovsky's hopes go further than physical conservation practices. He hopes to develop the sporting ethics of the Russian hunter.

"Take the question of trophies," he said to me. "Never in Russian history have hunters attached any value to them. Ordinarily, when they shot a deer, a moose or a boar, they carefully preserved the meat and the hide but tossed away the trophy. They did not care whether they shot a young calf or an old bull as long as they got the meat. If we can convince them of the pleasure of collecting trophies they will pay more attention to what they shoot. We should hang a fine moose head over the mantel here in the lodge just as an example."

At this point the manager of the domain came in, accompanied by his chief game warden, Nikolai Zavodov, a young man who had started his career as a fur trapper in Siberia. They carried a roll of maps, which they spread before us. Zavodov outlined the plan of campaign for the following day in crisp, almost military, sentences. On one map he showed where we were located in relation to Moscow. On another he traced the boundaries of the domain. On a third he carefully outlined the area we would hunt, indicating the location and direction of each drive and the position of each hunter.

He said that fair game for the hunt

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A former State Department official and a successful writer (the bestselling *Diplomat* and other books), Charles Thayer speaks Russian and has traveled extensively in the U.S.S.R. This is the third of his reports for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on Russian [illegible]

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would include only bull moose and wolves. It was unlikely that wolves would appear, but some strays occasionally wandered into the area from neighboring districts. He warned us that we might encounter bears, but that these are protected on this domain because they are not numerous.

Finally he turned to me and asked whether I approved the plan. I readily did so, and the two men left us. Then we went to the gun room to go over our equipment. My Winchester .30-06 was greatly admired, and Shapatin advised me to use the heaviest ammunition I had. "Those moose are tough," he said.

Malinovsky had a very short carbine which fired a vicious-looking bullet that must have been nearly .50 caliber. Shapatin had a brand-new Russian repeater, with a Mauser action firing a .32-caliber bullet. They were the only heavy hunting guns I had seen in the Soviet Union. Generally all game are killed with smoothbores loaded with slugs. I had been told that Russian hunters consider shotguns more sporting than rifles as they require the hunter to get within closer range of his quarry. However, I am inclined to think the absence of rifles is a police security measure rather than a sporting gesture.

Shapatin took one look at my heavy homespun breeches and stalking boots and declared them inadequate. The breeches, he said, would be torn to shreds, and the boots would be useless in the knee-deep swamps. Some heavy quilted canvas breeches and a pair of high rubber boots were produced. To keep my feet warm, they gave me *portyanki*, strips of woolen material to wrap around one's feet in lieu of socks. Every Russian soldier, they pointed out, wore *portyanki* under his boots. Then they showed me the intricate way of wrapping the *portyanki* so that no crease could develop which might raise blisters.

Our preparations completed, we took a short stroll through the lodge. It was a two-story house with overhanging eaves and a balcony around the second floor, which gave it the look of a Swiss chalet that had somehow wandered into northern Russia. Malinovsky told me it had just been completed and that I was the first guest. Not even the peripatetic Mr. Khrushchev had visited it yet.

Finally we said good night, and I went up to my room, or rather, my suite, which consisted of a sitting room, bedroom and bath, with steaming hot water gushing from the spigots.

After a breakfast of steak and onions we made a quick tour of the camp—a pheasantry, a grouse hatchery and a stockade, where Siberian roe deer were being acclimated before being set free in the domain.

Then a Russian jeep took us to the hunting territory over roads half submerged in mud and water. Here and there were small ponds where in summer the moose immerse themselves to fend off insects.

Behind our jeep came a truck full of beaters. Deep in the forest we left the vehicles and went on by foot. Malinovsky, Shapatin and myself were placed in position by young Zavodov, while his assistant, carrying a hunting horn, took the beaters to the opposite end of the section that was to be driven. Ten minutes later the notes of the hunting horn echoed through the woods, signalling the start of the drive. Far in the distance I could hear the shouting of the beaters as they slowly approached us. A cracking of branches to my left attracted my attention, and three moose cows loped across the break 100 yards away.

Their incredibly long legs carried them at a fast but seemingly effortless pace. They flung their knees high in front like trotting horses, and as they retreated into the brush their hind legs came down far apart, causing them to rock from side to side like pacers.

A few minutes later the beaters emerged almost simultaneously on the break. They had kept an even line despite the heavy going in the thick woods. One of them was carrying the castoff antler of a moose, and he brought it to me. "A present," he said, and I wondered what in heaven I was going to do with a single moose antler.

After the drive came the inevitable "soviet," which in Russian means council and which, I had learned, punctuates every Russian hunt. The beaters

(Text continued)

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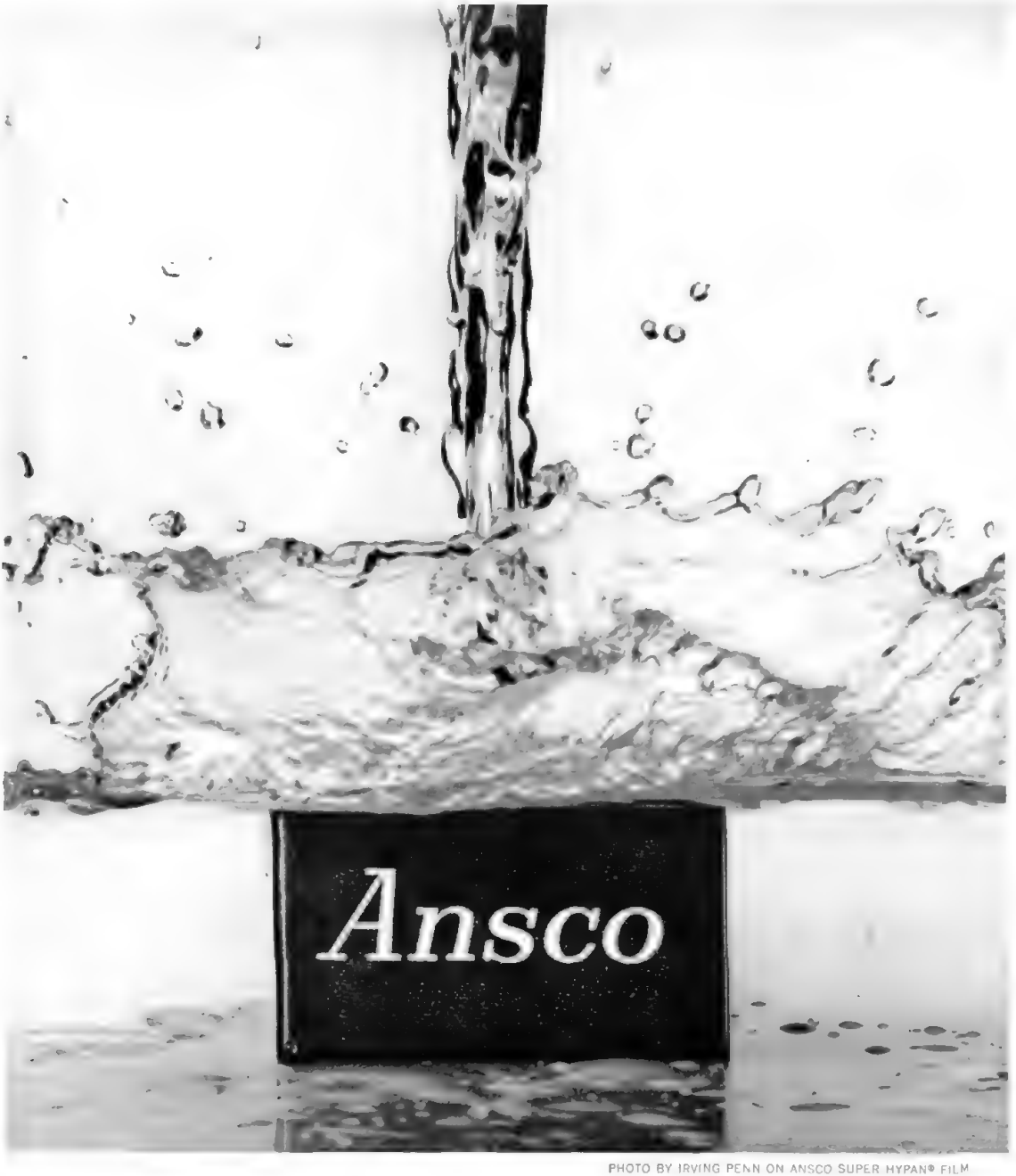

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insisted that several bull moose were sheltering in an adjoining area in which no drive had been planned. Zavodov first insisted that there would be no deviation from our shooting schedule, but the beaters were good debaters, and eventually won him over. He turned to me and asked permission to put on an unplanned drive.

Once more he put the three guns in position. A slight argument followed with Shapatin, who suggested I stand 30 yards to the right of where Zavodov put me. But Zavodov was firm, even with his distinguished superior—and, as it turned out, with good reason.

Again the horn sounded. I checked the safety on my rifle and brought it up to the ready. For 15 minutes I heard nothing but the distant shouts of the beaters. Then a loud rustling of branches and the pounding of heavy hoofs attracted my attention. Directly in front of me two bull moose, their heads and thick beards thrust forward, were trotting through the brush.

As they emerged into the firebreak 100 yards away to my left, going diagonally away from me, I fired at the leader. He kicked sideways and darted back into the brush. I jerked the bolt and waited, with my gun to the shoulder. A moment later he came out again, this time straight across the break. I fired a second time. He seemed to flinch as he disappeared into the woods beyond.

When the beaters appeared I went over to the shot. On the way Zavodov caught up with me. "I guess I was right about where to place you," he said, smiling.

Both shots had drawn blood, which was easily visible in the snow. Our jeep driver, however, who had been ambling casually down the break during the drive, reported that the first bullet had ricocheted past him. Presumably, it had hit the moose only a glancing blow in the side. The second shot had hit home.

Followed by Zavodov, I cautiously followed the blood-stained tracks in the thick woods. But I was not cautious enough; a moment later I saw the huge animal lumbering off down wind of me. I stopped, and Zavodov said "soviet." Back in the break, hunters, warden and beaters debated how to get the wounded animal, each expressing his view in detail.

When a decision was finally reached and accepted by all, we hurried down the break to be in position to head off the moose when he crossed into the next section, while a single tracker followed along in his tracks. After two miles, the tracker shouted for a gun. Malinovsky, who was near by, went in for the *coup de grâce*. The moose was down, and with his heavy carbine Malinovsky put a shot through his heart. But the tough giant struggled to his feet and moved off. Malinovsky fired again, through his neck, but still the moose kept going. Finally Malinovsky put a bullet through his head, and the moose dropped.

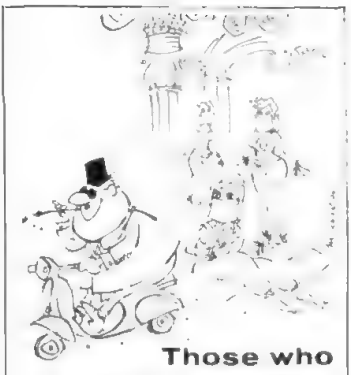
When I reached the spot an argument was in progress between Malinovsky and a beater who had slit the animal's throat in such a way as to damage the head as a trophy. But it quickly subsided, and Malinovsky broke off a sprig of spruce from a nearby tree, dipped it in the animal's blood and, laying it on his hat in the approved European manner, presented it to me.

Once more there was a soviet. How was the 1,000-pound carcass to be got out of the swamp where no car, not even a jeep, could penetrate? After much scratching of heads, the smallest of all the beaters said in best parliamentary style: "I have a proposal." Zavodov replied: "We shall hear Stepan's proposal." The little beater said: "I'll run down to the woodcutter's cottage and get his horse and sledge." Everyone looked startled, apparently wondering why the thought had not occurred to him.

Back at the cars Malinovsky produced a sandwich and a large hooker of vodka for each of us. Then we went off on the next drive. It produced no game except for a large snow-white hare, who trotted leisurely past my stand. Seeing me, he sat up on his hind legs, waved his snow-shoed paws and twitched his black-tipped ears. For a moment I imagined he was going to strike up a conversation, but he thought better of it and hurried on.

The final drive of the day produced nothing, too, except my friend, the hare, who re-emerged, this time at full speed.

continued



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By Bosley Crullers
Special to The Daily Dilly

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Presumably he had just realized he was late for Alice in Wonderland's tea party.

The sun had set when we finally started toward the cars, it was getting cold and we were all tired from slashing through swamps up to our knees. Shapatin and myself were walking in front. As we rounded a bend in the path a cow moose with her calf stood facing us. For several minutes they stared curiously. Then the calf took fright and darted into the brush, followed by its mother.

Several hundred yards beyond, a slight movement in a ravine to my right caught my eye. Two formidable bulls were standing in the draw. I tried to hand my gun – the only one loaded – to Shapatin, as it was his turn to shoot, but he refused. In the failing light I saw what looked like a large tree in golden autumn foliage behind the larger bull. But then he shook his head, and I realized my large tree was the bull's antlers. I carefully squeezed off a shot, and the huge beast dropped in his tracks.

The beaters behind me rushed to the spot and, reaching it, let out wild shouts of excitement. Zavodov carefully examined the head and then came over to me, his eyes shining with tears of excitement. He clasped my hand and said it was one of the finest heads that had ever been bagged in the territory. "You must have the whole animal mounted," he said. "He is too beautiful to mount merely the head." I had a vision of my wife's face when I returned home with a stuffed moose nearly 8 feet tall.

At the soviet that followed there was no dearth of propositions. Only Shapatin and Malinovsky remained aloof, like schoolteachers letting their students work out their problems alone. One beater suggested they should remove the head and leave the carcass till morning. Another proposed they butcher him on the spot. A third volunteered to stand guard against wolves until they sent out a truck. As usual, Stepan, the littlest beater, had another idea. "We shall hear Stepan's proposal," Zavodov ruled. Stepan suggested they stuff the beast into the beater's truck.

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inside which were several benches, a table and a small wood stove. Zavodov was skeptical. "It won't fit," he said. But Stepan was persistent. In the end 20 strong Russians pushed and shoved and tugged until only the huge head stuck out the rear door. With a final roar and a mighty heave, the antlers were pushed in and the door slammed.

Back at the lodge I said goodby to the beaters and congratulated them not only for their energy and skill but, above all, for their enormous enthusiasm, which contrasted sharply with the glum sluggishness of beaters I had encountered elsewhere. Then, as they set to work skinning the moose, I brought them a couple of bottles of vodka, which I dare say they appreciated more than speeches.

When Malinovsky, Shapatin and I once more assembled around the open fire, I introduced them to whisky and soda, which I had brought with me. They preferred the whisky straight.

Relaxed and contented after our strenuous but successful day, we chatted amiably and aimlessly about the events of the hunt, swapped anecdotes and discussed the problems of conservationists and hunters the world over. Furthest from my thoughts was the realization that those good friends were officials of a government almost literally at swords' points with my own.

Then I said that it was now my turn to make a proposal. "There is only one proper place for the last trophy," I said. "Right here over the mantel." But neither of them would hear of it. "What would Nikita Sergeevich [Khrushchev] say?" Shapatin argued. "You must take it home and show your countrymen what moose we have in Russia." Malinovsky suggested instead that I write my impressions of hunting in Russia for the 200,000 subscribers of the *Soviet Hunting Journal*. I agreed, and said further that I would report to my countrymen on the great size of Russian moose. Shapatin graciously agreed that this would be an acceptable alternative to my touring the stuffed moose around America.

Commitment carried out. END

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IBM Machines Make the Tiger Roar

A vast array of electronic computers has refined Princeton football to the nth degree

by JOHN D. DAVIES

Princeton's public image suffers from a peculiar double focus: atop the old stereotype of "the pleasantest country club in America" stands the new vision of a great rural scientific laboratory where atomic bombs are conceived and thermonuclear energy harnessed. Around the golf links are strewn structures housing synchrotrons, accelerators,

Drawing by James Flora

stellarators and silently whirring computers. The representative Princetonian appears to be not the trim F. Scott Fitzgerald in his Norfolk jacket but Albert Einstein in his long hair and sweat shirt.

The classroom has invaded the club room and even the locker room. The scientific spirit of theoretical physics has captured that emotional and irrational phenomenon, the cult of intercollegiate football. Princeton plays scientific football—which means that it always knows what it's doing, even if it oughtn't to be doing it. The game is played under a

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complex system of mathematical analysis that has just celebrated its 13th anniversary. It has become a ritual with the coaching staff and, as in most rituals, its origins are hazy in memory —especially since the death of its principal architect, Head Coach Charlie Caldwell, of cancer in 1957.

In the cafeteria of the student center, oddball specialists and eggheads rub shoulders and take coffee breaks; here football science was first formulated in a series of speculative bull sessions. The pioneers of the science were Caldwell; John Stiegman, then freshman line coach and now head coach at Penn; Paul Busse, an end coach who was also assistant to the chairman of the physics department; a mathematics professor; and the director of research administration at the university, who happened to have played football for Caldwell at Williams. In the language of physics, they convinced themselves that a football game is nothing more than approximately 150 "explosions" (plays) triggered by the snapping of the ball and hurling of 22 "electrons" (players) into various high-speed tracks and random collisions. A scientific mode of analysis is to translate motion into the symbols of science —that is, mathematics— and to "measure" each action by assigning it a numerical value; by coding these "bits" of information onto punch cards and running the cards through a computer, it is possible to discover patterns, regularities, repetitions among the various explosions that render the particular phenomenon comprehensible to the human mind. The scientist deduces a theory that explains the process and makes it possible to manipulate it and to predict the results of future experiments.

In a football game the violent confusions, extreme speed and bewildering interactions of 22 different players all over the field combine to defy all but the most elementary comprehension (I can't even follow the ball). But if each separate action is assigned a numerical value and reduced to a common denominator, and if the electronic intelligence of an IBM machine is used as a Monday-morning quarterback to recombine them into meaningful patterns and regularities, then the game can be vivisected.

The mathematics professor offered a key parallel out of his own research into "explosions," having made a survey of antisubmarine warfare for the Navy with the Office of Scientific Research in

World War II. The admirals were using exactly the tactics of 1918: when a submarine was detected, a run was made over it and a single big depth charge (ash can) dropped. The professor suggested that other plans of attack be tried, especially shooting out a simultaneous pattern of small bombs (mousetraps). A theoretical study justified designing and building the requisite hardware, and it was tried in action. After an attack on a sub the destroyer commander or bomber pilot was ordered to fill out a detailed and standardized questionnaire relating all the different settings, angles, factors and results. The data from several hundred of these questionnaires were punched onto IBM cards and statistically analyzed. It proved to the gold braid that more "fish" were being "mousetrapped" than "ash-canned," by a factor of 10, as the academic phrase goes.

Why couldn't similar analysis of football "explosions" be performed, to discover which formations were most effective, what tactics most efficient, what factors most crucial? The solution was a complicated operation: three spotters are posted in the press box who note on each play the down and distance, the yardage gained, position on the field, sequences, penalties, and the number of every Princeton player in the game. This information in tabular form is presented to the coaches when they gather Sunday morning to view the movies and complete the statistics on each play: on offense—the number of the play, type of defense and the tackler; on defense—the hole hit, offensive formation, flankers, split ends, man in motion and the tackler. In an eight-hour grind they run each play back and forth, reversing the film hundreds of times, each coach watching not the ball but his own group of players, calling out to a stenographer grades on the Princeton academic marking system for each player on every play—from 1 (excellent) to 6 (flunk) or 7 (horrible).

Now the game has been completely reduced to numbers and symbols, and on Monday morning the figures are punched onto IBM cards—one card for each play, with up to 94 pieces of information on it—by two operators in the registrar's office, who suspend their usual task of compiling academic statistics for a time. Then the university statistician heads for his machines, which look something like home freezers. On 16-inch paper ruled in 94 columns he prepares 13 running feet of statistics in triplicate, and for about two hours the machines

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shuffle and combine and recombine the cards to group, compare and average the various types of plays: end runs, tackle smashes, guard traps, wedges, deep passes, short passes. What plays were working, in what part of the field, in what situations, and with which players? What went right, and what went wrong? Who was doing his job, on what plays, and who was goofing off? On defense, what hole yielded the most yardage, who was making the most tackles, what types of plays was Princeton most vulnerable to? All these analytical tabulations in a foolproof mathematical index are studied by the coaches before practice on Monday afternoon, at which time the players are given their grades and urged to review their mistakes and correct them before the next game.

This Monday-morning autopsy also provides a chance to second-guess the quarterback: Is he calling the right plays? Is he mixing his calls? Is he running too much to one side? Does he always run the same play in the same situation? The same mind reading can be done on the opposition quarterbacks. Some quarterbacks never pass inside the five-yard line, others never throw the ball when they are ahead.

A few years back Brown had on its team a halfback named Tommy Thompson, who was an exceptionally strong receiver of short passes; but the statistics showed that the pass was being thrown only to the far side of the field, enabling Princeton to bring up an extra defender there and check at least some of Thompson's effectiveness.

After the season is over the 1,000-plus cards for the whole fall are run through the machines, and a complete comparative history of each formation, offensive and defensive, is compiled and bound into giant black ledgers. Here is all the information necessary for a part-by-part analysis of the Princeton football machinery. The grades on the players provide the key: if the short-side guard on the deep reverse always got a 5, then perhaps he is being given too much to do and there should be two men on that block. On a breakaway run against Princeton, if one player got a bad grade, then it was his fault; but if the entire line got average grades, then the formation wasn't any good, and the fault was the coaches'. Gains against each of the defensive formations—the Oklahoma 5, the Eagle 5, the Syracuse 6-2, along with their accompanying stunts and red-dogging—are averaged and compared.

Many of the Princeton scientists go to the games and take an avuncular pride in their little system. Like all scientists, they want to tinker, to update and reprogram it. One engineer who works on the stellarator (Princeton's program to harness thermonuclear energy, supported by $35 million of Atomic Energy Commission funds) has the idea of making the system even more scientific, able to predict as well as perform post-mortems. This would be accomplished by having 22 expert spotters in the press box, each watching a single player and assigning him numerical grades on each play. At half time the data would be

fed into a locker-room computer, and out would come not a fight talk but a tape analyzing the strengths and weaknesses of both teams.

For those cradled in the tradition of Bill Roper, Princeton's star at the turn of the century and colorful coach during the '20s, football at Old Nassau has become just another science course. The coaches are professors, the players scholars, with the weekly exams coming on Saturday afternoons; academic credit for a passing average, courtesy of IBM, takes the form of a varsity P. It would be interesting to know what Roper would have thought. Even his admirers

concede that in any modern sense he didn't know much more about football than, to quote one of his favorite figures of speech, "a whore about Sunday." He thought "the talk of system and involved plays was 90% bunk" and liked to negotiate nonscouting agreements with his Ivy League rivals; scouting smacked of espionage, and there wasn't much to spy on anyway. His favorite piece of "strategy" was to teach his players not to fall on a loose ball but to run with it (permitted in those days), to take advantage in lightning judgment of an opponent's error and snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat in a startling reversal of fortune.

Bill Roper wasn't much for science but hard to match in rhetoric. He coined evangelical phrases, such as, "a team that won't be beat can't be beat!" and, "a certain flame of the spirit can overcome every obstacle." He said: "Those people who think football is a game are crazy. Football is war!" In his locker-room

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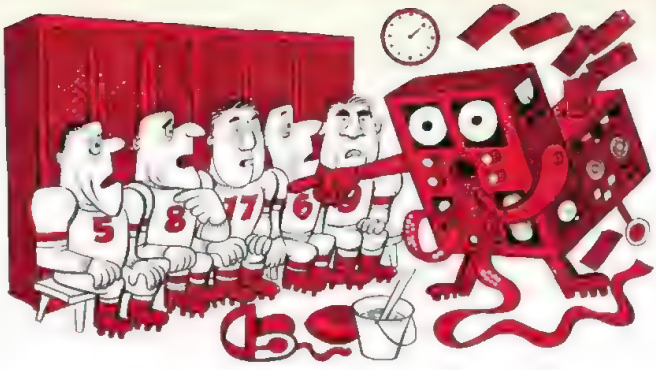

IBM and the Tiger *continued*

orations—he never used the word Harvard, only "red-bellied bastards"—he could inspire the team's spirit as if he were a hypnotist. Once when he sent the team out, the captain tore the door from its hinges and the manager blindly ran on the field too.

These vaudeville antics of the romantic age of football would be considered juvenile today. About the only thing that Bill Roper would recognize around the place, besides Palmer Stadium, would be the single wing, which Princeton, almost alone among the universities of the country, continues to stick with. At that he might have trouble, since his oldtime star, Charlie Caldwell, refurbished it with newfangled features like buck laterals, flankers, men in motion and split ends. In fact, so complex has the single wing become that Caldwell had to write a book to explain it fully (*Modern Single Wing Football*, J. B. Lippincott). Players have to be smart to understand their complex assignments; practice runs only from 4:45 to 6:30, and during the season there is a total of only 65 hours of practice and 15 hours of blackboard drill. Princeton feels especially grieved over the Ivy ban on spring practice, since almost all secondary schools, where the new generations of "hard-nosed boys with desire" learn their football, teach the more glamorous T formation.

Old Nassau continues in its faith that with two evenly matched teams the single wing will beat the T four times out of five. Single wing is percentage football, featuring ball control, short gains, long marches; gaining twice as much on the ground as through the air. Plays are intricate and slow to open up; on a deep reverse the wingback covers 15 yards before hitting the line, giving the linemen at the hole the odd problem of "holding" the defensive tackler a few seconds before moving him out of there. On some plays only one lineman will charge straight ahead, the rest pulling out or moving sideways in all sorts of complicated two-man blocks. When it is working right, the single wing is a formidable machine; when it is not, it needs electronic analysis to locate the monkey wrench in the complex machinery.

After Charlie Caldwell's death, Dick Colman took over. At 42, Colman had been Caldwell's line coach, collaborator on the book, and one of his finest football players during Charlie's tenure at Williams in the '30s. Looking like a husky associate professor, he holds a master's degree and is a veteran councilman of the Borough of Princeton. The keystone to his philosophy of coaching is this system of mathematical analysis, which a dozen years ago was Old Nassau's top war secret but is now common knowledge along the gridiron grapevine.

"If your system is so good," I asked, "why don't other universities use it?"

"As a matter of fact," Colman explained, "one does, or rather did. Several years ago we set it up for Purdue, but after a season they gave it up. It was just too much work—three spotters during the game, one stenographer all day Sunday, more secretarial work on Monday, plus the services of the statistician and of the machines. Toughest of all is to take the coaches on their one day off and run them through an eight-hour movie ordeal. But we believe this fantastic expenditure in time and energy is a good investment, because it enables us to give the best coaching that's in us. Besides, it pays other dividends—each

of the specialist coaches is forced to defend his grades to the rest of us. It builds an *esprit de corps*, a staff of dedicated professionals and perfectionists; we become a team, just as the boys do. Our players are bright, intelligent boys, and they like to know that some of Princeton's faculty polish has rubbed off on the coaches, that we're applying to the game of football some of the same principles of analysis they are learning in the classrooms."

I told him the electronic analysis somehow reminded me of a fallen David mournfully examining his sling while the football Goliaths of the South and West stood over him. Princeton can win consistently only by sticking to what are called her "natural rivals"—which some would call hiding in a patsy league and never, never going out. Princeton used to play Army, Navy, Notre Dame, Ohio State, and over the years gave about as good as it got, or close to it. How would today's Princeton football teams, IBM machines and all, fare against the fine Tiger teams of the past?

"You don't understand," Colman said earnestly, "*any* good team of the modern era would murder one from a generation back. The difference lies in the revolution in coaching. Bill Roper never *saw* a football game: human memory is no good and the bench is the worst seat in the stadium. I never know what has happened in a game until Sunday morning when we see the movies—it's the movies that have revolutionized the game. It's only by running and rerunning them that you can see what's going on, figure out ways to correct mistakes, think up new plays and maneuvers. For instance, that murderous weapon called blind-side blocking is strictly a movie invention. Defensively we're probably not much better, but offensively there is simply no comparison. Offensive coaching is constant innovation; it's exciting, incredibly complicated. Any coach who quit the business for three years would never catch up."

"Well," I asked, "if 'scientific football' is so good, why doesn't Princeton win the Ivy League championship every year?"

"You don't understand," answered Dick Colman wearily. "All it does is make it possible for us to give the boys the finest training in our power. Coaches don't win football games, and computers don't play in them. The whole darn system isn't worth as much as one good 205-pound halfback." END

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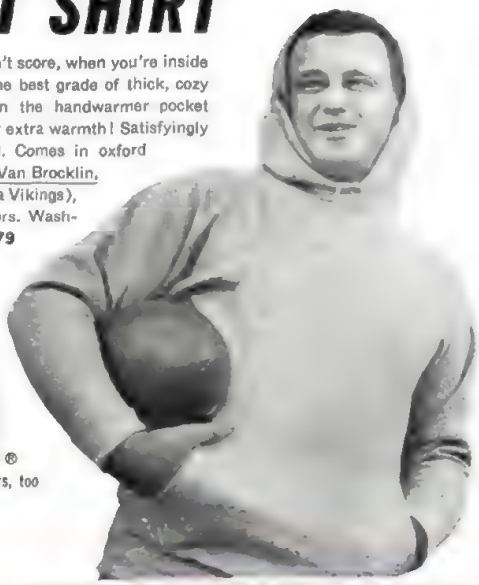
Nippy weather just can't score, when you're inside the Windshield. It's the best grade of thick, cozy cotton knit. And even the handwarmer pocket has a fleeced lining for extra warmth! Satisfyingly roomy in cut, as well. Comes in oxford gray (choice of Norm Van Brocklin, coach of the Minnesota Vikings), five other wanted colors. Washable. S-M-L-XL. $3.79



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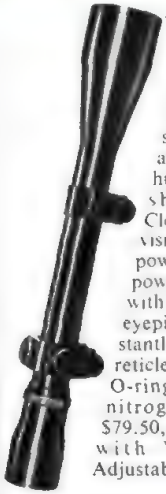

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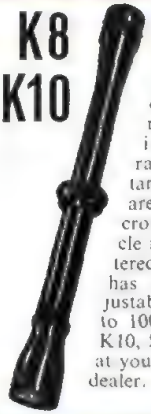

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Don't be an "if-only" driver
SEE PAGE ONE

Don't be an "if-only" driver
SEE PAGE ONE

YESTERDAY

The Ultimate Sportsman

Inclined to overdo, Shelton almost overdid himself in

by MITCHELL RAWSON

TOM SHELTON, BOXER AND EXTREMIST

Most people have used the expression "You betcher life!" at some time or other. Nobody has meant it seriously—or almost nobody. There was a sportsman once who did mean it. He literally bet his life and lost the bet and tried his best to pay off. His name was Tom Shelton, and he was a prizefighter in the old bare-knuckle days in England.

On September 14, 1812 Mr. Shelton found himself before King George III's judges and a jury at the Quarter Sessions in London, charged with assault. His victim, a constable named Croker, showed up in court with a broken nose and two black eyes.

Constable Croker found the boxer trying to hang himself from a lamppost in the Hampstead road. Looking on and uttering encouraging cries was an intimate friend of Shelton's who happened to be the winner of the grimmest wager on record.

The constable had arrived just in time. Shelton's first try had not come off. The big handkerchief he had knotted around his neck (called a Belcher in honor of the celebrated fighting Belcher brothers, Jem and Tom) had come loose and down went Shelton to the ground.

"Up again, quickly!" cried his friend, and Shelton was climbing the lamppost again when Constable Croker brought him down with his cudgel.

It was then that the intruding constable got his broken nose and black eyes from Shelton, who was still indignant when he went into court and brought a counterplea of assault against Croker.

Shelton's case was that the law officer had struck him three times with the cudgel before he retaliated. (This was true: Croker was knocking him down from the lamppost.) He also pleaded that Croker had not shown his credentials before hitting him, but his main defense was that he had a perfect right to hang himself as he had lost a bet made in good faith, and his life belonged to himself. Or, rather, to the winning gamester.

He and his good friend and gambling partner had been enjoying a day in the suburbs and a considerable imbibing of gin (known popularly as "blue ruin"). Come evening they took to shooting dice at a public house, and Shelton first lost his money, then the clothes on his back.

As a last resort, he put up his life and lost again. What was a sportsman to do but pay off? The winner agreed with enthusiasm.

The jury disagreed with him—the winner—and Shelton. He was found guilty of assault, but after the appeal of a weeping wife, with four young children, the judges used their merciful prerogative and let Shelton go. The winner of the bet seems to have been in no legal trouble at all.

Shelton went on to have a series of fights against some of the leading pugs of his time. He fought at 12 stone 7 (175 pounds) and was considered a good man in his day. But gambling was always his weakness. Through it he lost his business as a pubkeeper and had a hard time of it after that.

On June 21, 1830 he took a dose of prussic acid, and this time there was no Constable Croker. Maybe Shelton had lost another bet. History, being ignorant of the details, is silent. END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING BILL MUNDY [illegible] Trophy [illegible] Miami [illegible] Memorial [illegible] Biscayne Bay [illegible] Governor's Cup [illegible] Miami [illegible] Regatta [illegible] Miami [illegible] 30 Class [illegible] untroubled. In the Governor's Cup she lost in the last heat to *Gah* I with Bill Cantrell driving [illegible] Cantrell [illegible] Miami [illegible] Trophy [illegible] Miami [illegible] Trophy [illegible] Miami [illegible] Trophy

The warm, cushioned comfort of Wigwam Socks adds pleasure to every winter time activity. Styles, colors and sizes for the whole family—at department and sporting goods stores.

Sport or casual wear

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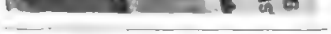

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

WAS YOU EFER?

Sirs:

Your Mr. Cave had better find one or crawl back to the woodwork (*I Could Have Came Up Red Roses*, Oct. 2). He may not be interested, but the story goes that on the night that the Reds clinched the pennant a fierce-eyed, shaggy-haired genie suddenly appeared on one of those sword slopes down in little old Crosley Field. As the genie scuffed his way to the top he was heard to say:

Baseball fans, come all and with me
For the Reds, we've a right to rave
On top a slope yes, but also a league
Far better than down like a Cave

ROBERT C. JACOBS

Cincinnati

Sirs:

I suspect that Ray Cave spent most of his time in Cincinnati, if he was there at all, visiting the Cincinnati chapter of the Los Angeles Dodgers fan club.

JON DE VOGT

Hamilton, Ohio

AS A SUBSCRIBER I RESENT ARTICLE BY WALTER BINGHAM (*Are We Living in the World's Greatest City?*) GRADING CINCINNATI AND ITS PEOPLE.

CARL H. WOEL

CINCINNATI

A FEW BEERS AND A COUPLE OF EAT UNFRIENDLY STORIES CONCERNING REDS AND UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

OLIVER P. BARDES

CINCINNATI

WE WILL NEVER BUY ANOTHER COPY OF YOUR CRUMMY MAGAZINE

J. B. GREEN

CINCINNATI

Sirs:

Cincinnati has won by [illegible] The way to the ball park, and the Reds will be [illegible] as they were in the days of Crosley Field.

J. F. RISCH

Cincinnati

DECENT FELLOW

Sirs:

Roger Maris is a decent, normal young man who happens to have a knack for hitting home runs and who has been mercilessly mistreated by sportswriters and fans.

Thanks for giving him a break (*Pursuit of No. 60: The Ordeal of Roger Maris*, Oct. 2).

STAN MEARS

Waco, Texas

Sirs:

The Ordeal of Roger Maris (Oct. 2) was truly a great story!

DENNIS D. JOHNSON

Greenville, S. C.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Mr. Kahn for a great article. It changed my views upon Roger Maris completely.

FELICE OTRIL

Richmond, Calif.

DECENT BURIAL

Sirs:

If you would care to send us the file copy of your preseason prediction of the Cincinnati Reds in second division at the finish (*Final Out at the Reds*, Apr. 10) we shall be glad to cremate it, bury it six feet deep and guarantee it shall not resurrect and haunt your editor's office.

[illegible]

Winchester, Ky.

GOLDEN SOUL

Sirs:

Artist Francis Golden did more than capture the boundless physical beauty of the

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE Alan G. Skells, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

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uplands (*October in the Uplands*, Oct. 2): he exposed the very soul of the hunter. With bold brush strokes he translated into color the feelings toward nature that throb within the hunter: awe of the vast woodlands, respect for the changing sky, admiration toward his elusive quarry.

RICHARD G. GUSTAVSON
St. Paul, Minn.

Sirs:

I think now I have never seen anything more beautiful.

S/SGT. DONALD NOER, USMC
Barstow, Calif.

MOUTH OF CLAY

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Huston Horn's article on Cassius Marcellus Clay (*Who Made Me—is Me?*, Sept. 25). It gives the reader an excellent insight into the nature of real modesty. Now all the loudmouth has to do is prove he can fight.

BOB DOWEN
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

● See page 25.—ED.

FOR THE RECORD

Sirs:

It is not sentiment that caused Frick to make his decision (SCORECARD, Oct. 2). Next year, with both leagues expanded, they will go back to 154 games. If it did stay at 162 games, then a new set of long-season records would start. People will probably think that Jim Brosnan's book, *The Long Season*, was written about '61.

LAWRENCE PRICE
Los Angeles

Sirs:

Babe Ruth's record *is* broken. Maris hit all of his 61 home runs in the *last* 154 games.

STEPHEN POTTER
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I now read that a home-town boy, Jake Wood, has broken a record for most strikeouts in a season. This he has done in 162 games. What is good for one record is good for another. I don't think it is fair that his record will have to stand as being for a whole season while Maris' record will go side by side with Ruth's as being for a different number of games.

FREDERICK E. WITHERELL
Elizabeth, N.J.

Sirs:

Stuart Keith's claim to the bird-watching record (SCORECARD, Sept. 25) brings up another interesting question on records: Since he set the record in 1956, a leap year, will it be marked with an asterisk if he saw some of the birds on February 29th?

DAVID HERMAN
Natick, Mass.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

Sirs:

I would like to refute your statement that Ole Miss is too big for the teams that they play (*Rebel Yell for 1961*, Oct. 2), and I would also like to protest the injustice done to the northern college teams.

America's best football is played by teams outside the southern sections of the U.S. Last year, Michigan, which finished far down in the Big Ten Conference, played Duke and slaughtered them 31-6. Duke merely counted this in their slim loss column (7-3) and went on to high national rankings, while Michigan went on to a very unranked mediocre season. Mississippi, generally ranked No. 3 in postseason polls, coasted to a 10-0-1 record last year, getting fat off the offerings of the likes of Chattanooga and Houston, teams which the Big Ten wouldn't schedule as breathers. In fact, for breathers, the Big Ten often schedules teams from the rough, tough South, such as Duke.

By all this, I don't mean to discredit such great southern players as Pros Phil King, Charlie Conerly or Bart Starr.

DAVE PEARLMAN
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authentic Pendleton® woolens

Pendleton makes slacks you can depend on for quality, comfort, durability and good looks. When you ask for Pendletons by name, you get 100% virgin wool tailored in a 90-year tradition of craftsmanship. Wool springs back into shape easily, has a rich appearance and takes well to color. Shown left, plain front, 23.95. Right, pleated front, 23.95. [illegible]

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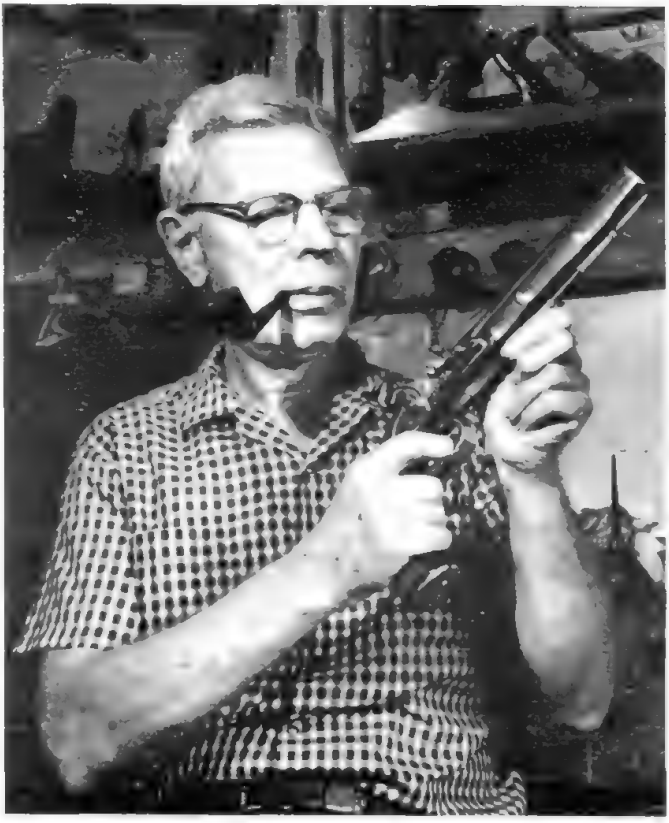

EDWIN WENKENBACH

Romantic gunsmith

As a toolmaker of 45 years' standing, Edwin Wenkenbach of Norwood, Pa. is an old hand with modern machinery. But nothing produced by the modern turret lathe compares in romance for him with products of oldtime gunsmiths who worked only with their hands.

"The more I got to thinking about those oldtime guildsmen and the romance of the weapons they made," says Wenkenbach, "the more I wanted to duplicate them." So, with little to guide him but his craftsman's instinct (there are no books on how to make a flintlock pistol), Wenkenbach went to work to build a gun exactly as guns were built two or more centuries ago.

Since that beginning in 1950, Wenkenbach has made five flintlock pistols, and each is a marvel of accuracy. One expert marksman fired 40 shots into a two-foot-square target at 50 yards with one of them, and the resultant grouping was no larger than a man's hand. "Percussion caps," says Edwin Wenkenbach, "took all the romance out of gunmaking."

(continued from front flap of this insert)

"There are 9 members on Mayfield's Board of Directors; 6 of these 9 are subscribers.

"Of the 5 members of our House Committee, 3 including the chairman are subscribers.

"Our Membership Committee has 7 members. 5 are subscribers, including the chairman.

"There are SI subscriptions going into the homes of the 2 ladies on the Ladies Golf Activities Committee.

"4 of the 6 members of the Swimming Pool Activities Committee, including the chairman, are subscribers.

"3 of the 4 members of the Insurance and Finance Committee, including the chairman, are subscribers.

"11 couples make up our Eentertainment Committee. 6 of these couples, including the chairman and his wife are subscribers.

"So there you see who runs the club. The committees that spend our money— the House Committee, the Entertainment Committee and the Insurance and Finance Committee, subject to the approval of the Board of Directors—have SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscribers as majorities.

"So our 20% coverage of Mayfield's general membership exerts a power to spend and direct far beyond its numerical strength."

The country club is not the only place where you will find that the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscriber, and his wife, are active members of the board . . . a point we have been trying to demonstrate for a year now in a series of column ads in TIME. Our ad in their April 7, 1961 issue, for example, quoted Otis Chandler, Publisher of the Los Angeles Times, as saying: "I read SPORTS ILLUSTRATED every week. It's a must for active Americans." Our Publisher, Sid James, being a thoughtful chap, sent the original art for the ad to Mrs. Chandler and a few weeks ago he received this reply:

Dear Mr. James:

A summer away from my desk has classified all my correspondence as "Very Delinquent!" I am most appreciative of the very fine drawing of Otis done by Robert Riger. Thank you very much for sending it to me. It is an excellent likeness and now hangs in a prominent spot in our home.

Otis and I just returned from an exciting fishing and big game trip to

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

Alaska. An article appearing in SI over two years ago, written by a woman hunter, was our inspiration for the trip. Alaska was far beyond our expectations as to scenery, wonderful fishing and plentiful game. Keep up those wonderful articles.

Again, my belated thanks.

Very sincerely,
Marilyn Chandler

And our thanks to you, Mrs. Chandler. As we were saying, good company makes the way seem shorter, and we couldn't ask for better companions than subscribers like yourself and Mr. C.

* * *

Incidentally, the woman hunter Mrs. Chandler refers to is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Staff Writer Virginia Kraft, and her article, "The 49th Frontier," appeared in our issue of August 24, 1959. You'll find it an informative companion if you plan a trip to Alaska.

By the way, Mrs. Chandler's letter reminds me that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a magazine that makes people do things and go places—one reason why, as I reported two weeks ago, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had the best gains in the first half of 1961 among the top 20 magazines in travel advertising pages.

* * *

I started out talking about new magazines but I'm equally happy at the way SPORTS ILLUSTRATED turns up in the latest issue of a magazine that was a giant long before we were born. I hope you saw page 59 of the October *Better Homes and Gardens*. It shows a beautiful color picture (inadequately reproduced in black and white above) of the coffee table in a handsomely furnished home. On it are the *Wall Street Journal* and five magazines, including you-know-which. It's nice to know that "The Family Idea Magazine" recognizes that the national sports weekly has a prominent place in the modern family room.

Which is, after all, the moral of all these memos of mine.

And if you are still not convinced that advertising in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is good for almost any company that wants to shorten the way to influential customers and better sales, well, as Izaak Walton says: "No man can lose what he never had."

But I'll be back with another try in two weeks.

Pete Calloway

MAKE DAD "MISTER MOVIE DIRECTOR" WITH REVERE POWER-ZOOM

The Revere "AZ-718"
Self-threading Zoom Projector threads the film and shows movies automatically.

Nothing captures precious family moments like dramatic movie close-ups with that "professional touch." The Revere 8mm Power-Zoom® camera gives you that professional touch with push-button ease. No guesswork. Ultra-fast Wollensak F/1.8 focusing mount lens zooms automatically from wide-angle, to normal, to telephoto close-ups. Electric eye automatically sets correct exposure for perfect pictures every time. Only with Revere do you have single button controls to focus, zoom, expose!

Dad can be a really exciting movie director with a Revere Power-Zoom camera. (So can mom and the youngsters if they can get it out of dad's hands.) See a Revere at fine camera stores everywhere. Priced under $200.

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Does V.O. improve with music?

V.O.

The two *do* seem to sing each other's praises. But isn't V.O. itself a composition? Its vibrant flavor is in perfect harmony with its lyrical lightness. A century-old classic of craftsmanship. Canada's finest whisky. *Seagram's Imported V.O. Known by the company it keeps.*